

John Wilkes Booth
[Bender]

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Assassination

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The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln

Recollections and accounts of
eyewitnesses

John Wilkes Booth

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JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

1889

Recollections of the Assassin by the Owner of Ford's Theater.

The Original Plan of Abduction—Booth's Conduct on the Day of the Great Crime, Etc.

[John T. Ford, ex-Proprietor of Ford's Theater, Washington, in the North American Review for April.]

I premise this history of a day with the statement that John Wilkes Booth, several months prior to March 4, 1865, had conceived a project to kidnap President Lincoln, either at one of the theaters or in the highways of the District, and convey him through Southern Maryland to the Lower Potomac, then across into Virginia and into the Confederate lines; and that he had conspired with Payne, Adzerott, O'Loughlin and Arnold in 1864, and with John H. Surratt in addition in 1865, promising these associates the aid of an actor. If the capture was made in the theater all the lights were to be extinguished by one knowing how to do it, and it was arranged, if necessary, to use Lloyd's house en route to the Lower Potomac, where they expected to cross into Virginia. This conspiracy failed, and the conspirators separated soon after the 4th of March, 1865, Arnold, O'Loughlin and Surratt leaving Washington. The design of abducting the President was then finally abandoned.

On the morning of April 14, 1865, it was fully 11 a. m. when John Wilkes Booth came from his chamber and entered the breakfast room at the National Hotel, Washington. He was the last man at breakfast that day; one lady only was in the room, finishing her morning meal. She knew him and responded to his bow of recognition. He breakfasted leisurely, left the room when he had finished, went to the barber shop, and, after his toilet was completed, walked out, and, stopping a few minutes at Pumphrey's stables, near the hotel, he went up Sixth street to H. Going then to Mrs. Surratt's dwelling near by, on H street, he met that lady, and she told him she was preparing to go to Surrattsville to urge the payment of a debt due her; that she had a letter from the estate of Charles B. Calvert, urgently demanding settlement of a debt due it; that she had been to church during the morning (it being Good Friday), and that Mr. Welchman was to drive her to her country place, from which she hoped to return before night. Booth, knowing the people there (it being probably a rendezvous intended to be used by the kidnaping conspirators, if successful), sent a vague message by her to Lloyd. He then left her house, and there is no evidence, save a clouded after-statement by Welchman, controverted by other testimony, that he was there afterwards or ever again met Mrs. Surratt. She went to the country with Welchman, was there some time, and waited for Lloyd. Before he came her buggy had been turned cityward. A spring was broken, affecting its security, and it is probable that Mrs. Surratt would not have waited at all had it not been that she wanted the wagon made strong enough to take her back. Lloyd came at last, besotted and unfit to talk understandingly, but he did fix the spring of the buggy with a rope. When she reached her home in the city with Welchman it was about 9 o'clock.

When Booth left the Surratt house in Washington, on H street, on April 14, about mid-day, he walked up to Tenth street and turned down toward Ford's Theater. A group of young men were in front of the theater on Tenth street, near E. When they perceived him approaching, one said, "Here comes the handsomest man in Washington," and the appearance of the youngest of the Booth race justified the admiring words. He was elegantly dressed in a dark suit, light-drab overcoat, hands gloved, with a cane in one, a black silk hat, slightly tipped, on his head; his long hair, black to brightness, glistened in its sheen, and his walk, one of easy swag, was full of grace. He was then 26 years of age. As he passed, four out of five on the street would turn to look at him again—such was his personal magnetism. The writer has always maintained that Booth was animated by a pride that contained elements of insanity, and many of his acquaintances recognized this peculiar bent.

It may here be said with propriety that, with his health, youth, personal grace and dramatic inheritance, he could earn in the very alluring work of a leading actor, from \$500 to \$1000 per week at that time. Yet the eccentricity born within him made him ambitious, when in a strange mood, of emulating the "youth who fired the Ephesian dome," or to act the part of Brutus in real life. His abduction plot was a matured plan, conceived in the fall of 1864, brilliant, daring and full of danger; but it failed, and he felt the mortification as if it were a sort of disgrace. The assassination was the Brutus-impulse, and it came to him only on

the day of its performance, and after he learned of an opportunity, as may be seen by what followed his arrival at the theater. Letters from other cities were waiting for him there that day. He received and read them in front of the building. He was pleasantly taunted by some of his Union friends there with the information that the President and Gen. Grant would both be at the theater that evening, and one added: "Gen. Lee will be with them."

Booth quickly responded: "They won't parade Lee as the Romans did their captives, I hope."


The remark about Lee's coming was withdrawn, but the effect of the information as to President Lincoln and Gen. Grant was apparent. Booth grew abstracted and thoughtful, and soon departed, with the first possible information he could have had of the President's intention to visit the theater that night. He went down Tenth street to Pennsylvania avenue. He was met there by several yet living. He spoke to John F. Coyle or Brutus, as he paused for a moment's talk. He first went to the Kirkwood House and sent his card to Vice President Johnson, inquiring if he was disengaged. The Vice President not being in his room, Booth sought and found Adzerott and Payne, and arranged to meet them both at 8 p. m. at the Herndon House. He then probably went to Grover's (now the National) Theater, as Pumphrey testifies, and wrote a communication for the *National Intelligencer*. From Pumphrey's stable he took a horse at 4 or 4:30 p. m. to find Herold, whom he wanted as a guide. He observed Matthews, the actor, walking, as he (Booth) was riding along Pennsylvania avenue, and, hailing him, gave the statement for publication to him, with instructions. Matthews burnt the package that night to avoid possible crimination. After he found Herold and conferred with him, Booth rode to the Herndon House and met Payne and Adzerott, and from there went to the rear of the theater, reaching it between 8:30 and 9 p. m., as several witnesses testified. There he left his horse to go to the front of the house.

At 10:20 he assassinated President Lincoln. In jumping from the private box in which the crime was committed to the stage, he fractured what is commonly known as the shin-bone of his right leg. He hopped on one foot to the rear door, had much difficulty in mounting his horse on account of the great agony the fracture caused, but finally did so and escaped from the city. Intense suffering and a fall from his horse forced him to go out of the nearest path of escape to procure the medical aid of Dr. Mudd, whom he knew, and to that act alone the physician owes his involvement. Otherwise, Booth would have pursued the direct route to the Lower Potomac. * * *

There is now to be considered the question whether John Wilkes Booth—a young man of the personal attractiveness already described, of a family of great professional distinction, with the world before him, of undaunted courage, liberal with his purse to profuseness, eloquent and persuasive with his tongue—was not the very man to lead Payne and others into a conspiracy to abduct the ruler of a great nation and to carry him into captivity. To them, ardent sympathizers with the South as they all were, the plot was full of fascination and seemed within accomplishment. If successful, it would have startled the world and made heroes of those participating in it. Both of the theaters in Washington were considered favorable places to make the capture at night, and, after a rush from the city and down through the peninsula, if uninterrupted, daybreak would have found them across the river and within the Confederate lines. It was also planned to make the capture either on the 4th of March, or as near it as possible, and on the street if opportunity permitted.

Booth's alleged cause for conspiring to abduct was to force, if successful, an exchange of prisoners. He quoted to his followers how it had been done in past ages, and, in his talk among his acquaintances, the only time he exhibited feeling was when criticising the national authorities for refusing to exchange. He blinded Mrs. Surratt entirely as to his plotting with her son; his position, means and pleasant manners evidently won her admiration and confidence: she was proud of such a visitor, and at her house he could confer in a secluded room, with impunity, with his confederates, without her dreaming of his ultimate purpose. It was well known to her that at the hotel his associations were the very best. He could learn from Welchman, at her house, he being employed as a clerk under Col. Hoffman, the Commissioner of Prisoners of War, their locality, number, etc., without suspicion. It is a matter of unpublished, but easily proved history, that Booth's associates in crime, whether in the projected abduction or the assassination, denied most solemnly that Mrs. Surratt had any part whatever in the plot to abduct; but, on the contrary, they were warned over and over again to keep all knowledge of it from her. Asseverations were made also by those who were executed, on the day of their death, of her entire innocence of their crime. Arnold and O'Loughlin, before going to the Dry Tortugas, protested that she was not known in any way in the conspiracy to capture and convey to Virginia the person of the President.

J WRIGHT



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WILKES BOOTH'S LETTER.

Probably the Last He Wrote Before the Assassination of Mr. Lincoln.

It Ends with "Sic Semper Tyrannis," the Phrase Made Famous by His Terrible Deed.

1850

RICHMOND, VA., January 5.—The following letter, which is said to have been suppressed by the Government, is published to-day. It was recalled by the recent discharge of Thomas A. Jones from the navy yard in Washington, it having transpired that Jones ferried Wilkes Booth across the river after the assassination of President Lincoln:

"Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For, be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North. I love peace more than life—have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped and prayed for the dark cloud to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime; all hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end. I have ever held the South was right. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln four years ago spoke plainly war—war upon southern rights and institutions. His election proved it.

"Await an overt act! Yes, till you are bound and plundered? What folly! The South was wise. Who thinks of arguments of patience when the fingers of an enemy press the trigger? In a foreign war I, too, could say, 'Country, right or wrong;' but in a struggle such as ours, where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart, for God's sake choose the right.

When a country like this spurns justice from her side she forfeits allegiance to every honest freeman, and should leave him untrammelled by any fealty forever to act as his conscience may approve, and justice, people of the North. To love liberty, to hate, tyranny, to strike at wrong and oppression was the teaching of our forefathers. The study of

OUR EARLY HISTORY

will not let me forget, and may it never. This country was formed for a white man, not for the black, and looking upon African slavery from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings, both for themselves and us, God ever bestowed on a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their devotion and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to servant than I have beheld at the North from father to son. Yet heaven knows no one would be willing to do more for the colored race than I, could I but see a still better way to better their condition. But Mr. Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South is not now, nor has it ever been, fighting for the continuation of slavery. The first battle (Bull Run) did away with that idea. Its causes since then for war have been as noble and greater far than those that urged our fathers on. Even should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of the contest, cruelty and injustice have made the wrong become the right, and they stand now before the wouder and admiration of the world as a noble band of patriotic heroes. Hereafter reading of their deeds, Thermopylae will be forgotten. When I aided in the capture of John Brown, who was a murderer on our western border, and who was fairly tried and convicted of treason before an impartial jury, I was proud of my little share in the transaction—deemed I was doing my duty in helping our country to perform an act of justice. But what was a crime in poor John Brown is now considered by themselves as the greatest and only virtue of the whole Republican party.

STRANGE TRANSMIGRATION,

vice to become a virtue simply because more indulged in. I thought then, as now, the abolitionists were the only traitors in the land, and that the whole party deserved the same fate as poor John Brown; not because they wish to abolish slavery, but on account of the means they have ever endeavored to effect that abolition. If Brown were living I doubt whether he himself would set slavery against the Union. Most or many in the North do, and openly curse the Union, if the South is to return and retain a single right guaranteed to them by every tie which we once revered as sacred. The South can have no choice. It is either extermination or slavery for themselves—worse than death to draw from. I know my choice. I have studied hard to discover upon what grounds the right of a State to secede has been denied, when our very name, 'United States,' and

the 'Declaration of Independence' both provide for secession. But this is no time for words. I write in haste. I know how foolish I shall be deemed for undertaking such a step as this—where on the one side I have many friends and everything to make me happy; here my profession alone has gained me an income of more than \$20,000 a year, and where my great

PERSONAL AMBITION

In my profession has such a great field for labor. On the other hand, the South has never bestowed on me one kind word—a place where I have no friends except beneath the sod; a place where I must either become a private soldier or a beggar. To give up all the former for the latter, besides my mother and sisters, whom I love so dearly, though they so widely differ from me in opinion, seems insane; but God is my judge. More than I do a country that disowns it; more than fame or wealth; more—heaven pardon me if wrong—than a happy home.

"I have never been on a battlefield, but, oh, my countrymen, if you could see the effects of the horrid war as I have seen them in every State save Virginia, I know you would think like me, and would pray the Almighty to create in the Northern mind a sense of justice and right, even should it possess no seasoning of mercy, that he would dry up this sea of blood between us, which is daily growing whor. Alas! poor country, is she to meet her threatened doom? Four years. I would give a thousand lives to see her remain as I had always known—powerful and unbroken—and even now I would hold my life as naught to see her as she was. Oh, my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been was but

A FEARFUL DREAM

from which we now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God and pray for his continued favors! How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years ago the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless, but I have of late been seeing and hearing of bloody deeds of which she has been made the emblem, and would shudder to think how changed she has grown. Oh, how I have longed to break from the midst of blood and death that circle round her folds, spoiling her beauty and tarnishing her honor! But no, day by day has she been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty and oppression, till now, in my eyes, her once red stripes seem like bloody gashes in the face of heaven. I look upon my early admiration of her glories as a dream. My love, as things stand to-day, is now for the South alone, nor do I deem it a dishonor to attempt to make for her a prisoner of this man to whom she owes so much misery. If success attends me, I go penniless to her side. They say she had found that 'last ditch' which the North has so long desired and been endeavoring to force her in, forgetting they are brothers, and that it is impolitic to goad an enemy to madness. Should I reach her in safety and find it true, I will proudly beg permission to triumph or die in that 'last ditch' by her side—a Confederate doing duty on his own responsibility.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

"Sic semper tyrannis."
"April 14, 1865."

BOOTH THE ASSASSIN. The New York *Herald* gives the following history and description of John Wilkes Booth, the infamous murderer of the President:

"John Wilkes Booth, who is directly accused of the assassination of President Lincoln, is one of the sons of the celebrated English actor, Lucius Junius Booth, the contemporary and rival of Edmund Kean. The elder Booth came to this country as a star actor, and finally settled upon a farm near Baltimore, Maryland. His eccentric habits, strange extravagances and wasted life are familiar to most of our readers. By different wives the elder Booth had four sons, named, in the order of their ages, Junius Brutus, Edwin, John Wilkes and Joseph. The three oldest brothers adopted the stage as a profession. The youngest studied medicine, and was last heard of somewhere in Georgia.

John Wilkes Booth was born in 1838 near Baltimore, in the same vicinity as the noted rebel Harry Gilmer. He was named after John Wilkes, a famous English tragedian. At the early age of sixteen he went upon the stage, and in 1856 made a regular *debut* at Philadelphia. He inherits the well known Booth face and figure, and some of the dramatic talent of the family. After starring for awhile in the provinces we find him, in 1859-60, the leading actor at Montgomery, Alabama. There he was regarded as a *rifle* *crusy*. In 1860 he wounded himself in the foot with a pistol, and came North to recruit his health.

Soon after his arrival here, discovering that his brother Edwin was achieving a decided success, he determined upon a *debut* in New York, and made his first appearance in this city at Wallack's old theatre. He opened in Richard the Third, playing very tamely till the fighting scene at the end of the drama, when he wielded his two-handed sword with such vim and vigor as to astonish the audience. The stage combat has never been better performed. One evening, roused to intense excitement, he attacked Mr. E. L. Tilton, the Richmond of the occasion, so violently as to knock him into the orchestra, nearly breaking his arm. After two or three nights of Richard, young Booth played Shylock, and failed. The unnatural son, in Schiller's Robbers, was his third *role*, and, after acting it, he went to Boston, where he was better received.

When the present war began John Wilkes Booth avowed himself an ardent secessionist, and he always persisted in his disloyalty. So many actors shared his opinions, however, and expressed them almost as strongly, that his sentiments gave him no particular notoriety. His brothers Junius and Edwin were and are most decided Union men, and several quarrels have arisen between the brothers on account of these differences. They acted together, however, at the Winter Garden, on the 23^d of November last, for the benefit of the Shakspeare Monument Fund. This was his last public appearance in this city.

Some months ago John Wilkes Booth ceased acting on account of a bronchial affection, and since then he is said to have accumulated considerable money by oil speculations in Western Virginia. Of late he has passed a large portion of his time in Washington, with which city and its theatres he was perfectly familiar. About eight or ten days ago he was in New York, drinking profusely. Rumor says that in his drunken rouds he has often declared his intention to kill President Lincoln, and that he often exhibited a nicked bullet, which, he said, was to do the deed. Still no one who knew him was prepared to believe him a cowardly assassin.

In person John Wilkes Booth is a younger *fac simile* of Edwin. It is needless to say, then, that he is a rare specimen of manly beauty. Not tall, but most gracefully formed, with regular features, large, dark eyes, dark brown hair and a perfect complexion, this young man possesses the charms of Adonis and almost the strength of Hercules. He dresses with exquisite taste, and his ordinary manner is quiet, reserved, dignified and gentlemanly. He is unmarried and much given to amours. It is said that he is an opium eater; but it is only certain that he frequently drank to excess. Although so slightly built, ninety-five men out of a hundred would be no match for him at fighting. He is a dead shot, a fine fencer, a thorough horseman, and a master of the dagger or bowie knife. His personal bravery has been unquestioned, and many of his friends have wondered why he did not join the rebel army, in which his sympathies were already enlisted. If he was the assassin of President Lincoln, he had the nerve, the skill with weapons, the knowledge of the exits and entrances of the theatre, and the acquaintance with the localities about Washington necessary to accomplish his villainous purpose."

BOOTH'S ROMANCE.

How the Bright Eyes of a Northern Girl Enthralled the Young Tragedian.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

"Oh! If it were not for that girl how clear the future would be to me! How easily could I grasp the ambition closest to my heart! With what a fixed and resolute purpose, beyond all resistance, could I do and dare anything to accomplish the release of the Confederate prisoners! Thus reviving the drooping Southern armies and giving new heart to the waning cause!

"What are those lines in 'Romeo and Juliet' describing love? I have played them an hundred times, but they are now covered with the mist of greater thoughts and I cannot see them. I am, I am in love!

"Of anything, of nothing first create!

Oh! heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Misshappen chaos of well-seeming forms!"

Quoted an actor associate and friend into whose room John Wilkes Booth had strode one morning in April, 1865, and thrown himself upon the bed, his mind torn with conflicting emotions.

How curiously events shape themselves! Abraham Lincoln died not long afterward from a bullet sent by this desperate young man, in the very room and upon the very bed where Booth had lain, almost in delirium, when he gave vent to the above expression. It was provoked by a wordy contest he had that day had in relation to the release of the Confederate prisoners, with his sweetheart's father, who was an eminent statesman.

Booth had met the young girl that had captured his heart in the whirl of Washington society (into the best of which he was admitted and courted,) in that winter of 1865, when he had given up even his profession that he might concentrate all his energies on the one great purpose for which he was now willing to sacrifice everything—even life itself.

He was boarding at the then greatest hostelry in Washington, the National hotel. Here he was thrown into constant intercourse with Senators, lawyers, military men of rank and in fact, the elite of Washington society. There, with her parents, hoarded the young lady, whom, after meeting, Booth soon learned to love, and who loved him truly to the end. Even after the assassination, it is said that she wrote to Edwin, saying:

"I am your brother's betrothed, and am ready to marry him at the foot of the scaffold."

About 10 o'clock in the morning of the day upon which the crime was committed Booth came down the steps of the hotel to the breakfast room, late as is an actor's wont. Immaculately dressed in a full suit of dark clothes, with tall silk hat, kid gloves and cane, he walked forth the young Adonis of the stage—the man who could marvelously unfold the character of the murderous and cowardly Macbeth; live out the cruelty

and vindictiveness of Richard, the wickedness of Julien, or impersonate with ideal perfection the higher character of Raphael. How he prostituted all these great gifts, and, by a distorted method of reasoning, made himself a cowardly assassin, the startling story which follows clearly reveals. Within twelve hours after he is thus seen upon the stairway of the hotel he committed the deed which covered his name with ignominy and cost him his life.

At the foot of the stairs he met his fiancée, who was there awaiting his coming. They walked into the breakfast-room and took their morning meal together. A few minutes' chat in the parlor followed. These words were doubtless the last she ever spoke to him.

"Booth's ability as an actor has often been questioned," said I.

"It need not be," replied Mr. Ford. "Had John Wilkes Booth lived he would have been to day the greatest actor of his time. He had a magnificent mind, great originality of thought, and he threw the vitality of perfect manhood into every character he impersonated. That of itself would have insured his success; but he had other qualities that were attractive, if not necessary. He was the handsomest man I ever saw, not only in feature, but in physique. He was an athlete, and prided himself upon that quality. In the scene in 'Macbeth' when he enters the cave of the witches, Booth was not content with the usual approach, but had a ledge of rocks, some twelve feet high, erected, and down these he sprang upon the stage."

"What were his best roles?"

"His Richard and Macbeth were very fine. He individualized them in a manner I have never seen before nor since. His fighting scene in Richard was simply terrific. He was good in the Apostate; but his Raphael in The Marble Heart was matchless. I have many a time paid him \$700 a week, and he could easily earn \$20,000 a year. When he played in Boston under my management he made the greatest success of the day. People waited in crowds outside the theater to catch a glimpse of him as he left, and I think a man that could attain this eminence before the age of twenty-six must have had the germs of dramatic talent pretty well developed."

"He was received by the very best people. The lady to whom he was engaged to be married belonged to the elite of Washington society."

"Do you know the lady's name?"

"Yes, but it shall be sacred. She is married now, and it would do no good to the truth of history to revive it. Booth's whole soul was centered upon her, and he loved her as few men love. Her picture, I understand, was taken from his body a short time after his capture, and she was faithful to him till his death."

WILKES BOOTH'S CLOTHES.

His Brother Edwin Bought Them and a Fire Destroyed Them.

[From the Kansas City Star.]

Some weeks ago there appeared in the newspapers throughout the country an Associated Press dispatch, sent out from Montreal, saying that a citizen of Montreal had the wardrobe of J. Wilkes Booth, which he proposed to sell or exhibit at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. The details of how it came into his possession were given, and there was enough of truth in the story for those who might know something of the history of this wardrobe to give it credence. Those, however, who knew the exact facts in the case knew that this wardrobe was burned at the time of the burning of the Winter Garden in New York in 1867.

The only true history of that wardrobe ever published was written by a reporter for the Star and was told him several years ago by McKee Rankin, through whose hands the wardrobe passed before going into the possession of Edwin Booth. McKee Rankin is now in the city, staying at the Midland, and yesterday afternoon he related the story to several old friends who were chatting with him in the corridors of the hotel.

Some days before J. Wilkes Booth assassinated President Lincoln he shipped his wardrobe to Montreal, intending to have it sent to some Southern port. Charleston, Mr. Rankin thinks, was the place of consignment, where he expected to go after he had committed the deed which made his name execrated by the loyal people of the United States. It reached Montreal in safety and was put on board a little coasting schooner called La Belle Marie. On the very Friday night on which Booth assassinated President Lincoln the little vessel was wrecked in a storm near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Considerable of the cargo was saved, among it being Booth's wardrobe.

That fall, by order of the Admiralty Court, it was sold as salvage, and was purchased by George Rankin, the author, for his brother, McKee. It was an extensive outfit, and from it, Mr. Rankin says, he presumes he gave away four or five garments, and his daughter has one or two articles which he retained himself as souvenirs of the man who was for a time his most intimate friend. Upon inspection the wardrobe was found to be so sea stained as to be unfit for use, and Mr. Rankin, thinking Edwin Booth might like to have it, wrote to him at the Walnut Street Theater in Philadelphia, telling him of the wardrobe, and offering to sell it to him for just what his brother George had paid for it.

As Mr. Rankin said yesterday, at that time it was not policy for any one to say anything about J. Wilkes Booth, much less to acknowledge having been a friend of his, and in reply to this letter he received one from John Sleeper Clark, a brother-in-law of the Booths, saying Edwin did not want the clothes nor anything that ever belonged to Wilkes.

"Well," said Mr. Rankin, "I lugged those clothes around for a couple of years and one day I was walking along the street in New York, when I happened to meet Barton Hill, who is now with Miss Wainwright. We stopped and chatted for a few minutes and finally he said: 'By the way, McKee, you have Wilkes Booth's wardrobe, haven't you?' I told him yes, and he wanted to know if I would sell it. I told him yes, but that the garments were not worth anything as they were so sea stained.

"Well, finally he asked me if I would take \$75 for them, and I said yes. We walked into the bar of the Metropolitan Hotel and he counted me out \$75. He wanted to know where the things were and I told him over to the House of Lords, where I was staying. He said he wished I would send them around to the stage door of the Winter Garden, where he was then supporting Edwin Booth, and I did so. A few days after I met another friend of mine, an actor, who said: 'I understand you sold Wilkes Booth's wardrobe to his brother Ned.' 'No,' I said, 'I sold them to Barton Hill.' 'Oh, well, it's all the same,' he replied, 'Hill bought them for Ned.'

"You see," added Mr. Rankin, "he was afraid I'd want a big price for them if he came to buy them himself. Well, about a week after that the Winter Garden burned and with it both Edwin Booth's wardrobe and that of Wilkes. Not a thing was saved; so any man who claims to have J. Wilkes Booth's wardrobe is a Munchausen. Barton Hill or Edwin Booth himself will corroborate his story."

1852

-- When J. Wilkes Booth played in Buffalo, three years ago, he broke a plate glass window in the store of O. E. Sibley, where a lot of rebel trophies were exhibited. He was arrested, paid the damage and a fine of fifty dollars, and the affair was kept out of the papers. He broke the window in his rage at seeing the exhibition of weapons taken from the rebels.

J. WILKES BOOTH FINE 'RICHARD III'

Lincoln's Assassin Gave Promise
of Exceeding Even His Brother,
Edwin, as Able Actor

MADE HIT. IN NEW YORK

In the dark tragedy that cut short the career of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Lincoln, an actor of great promise was removed from the stage.

Wilkes Booth, he used the "John" as an initial when he used it at all, was only twenty-six when he died, but he had impressed himself upon audiences and had won appreciation in his only engagement in New York.

Contemporary critics say that he was one of the handsomest actors who ever graced the stage. He possessed a figure of almost perfect symmetry. He has in him much of the spontaneous fire of his father, Junius Brutus Booth which also was apparent in his elder brother, Edwin Booth, regarded as one of the greatest actors America has ever developed.

So excellent was Wilkes Booth that at the age of twenty-two he was engaged for the leads at Provost's Theatre on Broadway below Broome st. There, on March 17, 1862, Wilkes Booth appeared as "Richard III" and his performance was given unstinted praise. T. Allston Brown, in his "History of the New York Stage" has this comment on the performance:

"As Richard he was different from all other tragedians. He imitated no one, but struck out into a path of his own, introducing points which older actors would not dare attempt.

"In the last act he was truly original, particularly where the battle commences. With most tragedians it is the custom to rush on the stage, while the fight is going on, looking as if dressed for court. Wilkes Booth made a terrible figure of this part of the performance. He would dart across the stage and back again, seeking Richmond. His face was covered with blood from wounds supposed to have been received in slaying those five other Richmonds he refers to; his hat was lost in the fray, his hair flying, his clothes torn and he panted and fumed as he sought his victim. In this character he was more terribly real than any other actor I ever saw."

During this New York engagement he played in "The Robbers" of Schiller, "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Apostate." Later he gave a performance with his brothers, Junius Brutus, Jr., and Edwin, in "Julius Caesar."

His last appearance on the stage was at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on March 18, 1865, where, a month later, he was to plunge a world into mourning by the assassination of the President. The play was "The Apostate," in which he appeared as Pescara in support of Edwin Forrest.

PHILADELPHIA

Bulletin--

2-12-31

SKETCH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

The following particulars respecting John Wilkes Booth are given by the New York Herald:—

John Wilkes Booth, who is directly accused of the assassination of President Lincoln, is one of the sons of the celebrated English actor, Lucius Junius Booth, the contemporary and rival of Edmund Kean. The elder Booth came to this country as a star actor, and finally settled upon a farm near Baltimore, Maryland. His eccentric habits, strange extravagances, and wasted life are familiar to most of our readers. By different wives the elder Booth had four sons, named, in order of their ages, Junius Brutus, Edwin, John Wilkes, and Joseph. The three oldest brothers adopted the stage as a profession. The younger studied medicine, and was last heard of somewhere in Georgia.

John Wilkes Booth was born in 1838, near Baltimore. At the early age of 16 he went upon the stage, and in 1856 made a regular debut at Philadelphia. He inherits the well-known Booth face and figure, and some of the dramatic talent of the family. After starring for a while in the provinces, we find him in 1859-60, the leading actor at Montgomery, Alabama. There he was regarded as a trifle crazy. In 1860 he wounded himself in the foot with a pistol, and came North to recruit his health.

Soon after his arrival here, discovering that his brother Edwin was achieving a decided success, he determined upon a debut in New York, and made his first appearance in this city at Wallack's old theatre—now the Broadway—which was then under the management of Miss Mary Provost. He opened in Richard the Third, playing very tamely till the fighting scene at the end of the drama, when he wielded his two-handed sword with such vim and vigour as to astonish the audience. The stage combat has never been better performed. One evening, roused to intense excitement, he attacked Mr E. L. Tilton, the Richmond of the occasion, so violently as to knock him into the orchestra, nearly breaking his arm. After two or three nights of Richard, young Booth played Shylock, and failed. The unnatural son, in Schiller's 'Robbers,' was his third role, and, after acting it, he went to Boston, where he was better received.

When the present war began, John Wilkes Booth avowed himself an ardent Secessionist, and he always persisted in his disloyalty. So many actors shared his opinions, however, and expressed them almost as strongly, that his sentiments gave him no particular notoriety. His brothers Junius and Edwin were and are most decided Union men, and several quarrels have arisen between the brothers on account of these differences. They acted together, however, at the Winter Garden, on the 23rd of November last, for the benefit of the Shakespeare monument fund, and attracted one of the largest and most intellectual audiences ever assembled in any theatre. The play was 'Julius Caesar,' with Edwin Booth as Brutus, Junius Booth as Cassius, and John Wilkes Booth as Marc Antony. As an actor, John Wilkes could not compare with either of his brothers, although his resemblance to them in form, feature, voice, and manner was remarkable. This was his last public appearance in this city.

Some months ago John Wilkes Booth ceased acting on account of a bronchial affection, and since then he is said to have accumulated considerable money by oil speculations in Western Virginia. Of late he has passed a large portion of his time in Washington, with which city and its theatres he was perfectly familiar. About eight or ten days ago he was in New York, drinking profusely. Rumour says that in his drunken moods he has often declared his intention to kill President Lincoln, and that he often exhibited a nicked bullet, which he said was to do the deed. It is reported that his brother Edwin turned him out of the house a short time ago, in consequence of his treasonable utterances. Still no one who knew him was prepared to believe him a cowardly assassin.

In person, John Wilkes Booth is a rare specimen of manly beauty. Not tall, but most gracefully formed, with regular features, large dark eyes, dark brown hair, and a perfect complexion—this young man possesses the charms of Adonis and almost the strength of Hercules. He dresses with exquisite taste, and his ordinary manner is quiet, reserved, dignified, and gentlemanly. He is unmarried. It is said that he is an opium-eater; but it is only certain that he frequently drank to excess. Although so slightly built, ninety-five men out of a hundred would be no match for him at fighting. He is a dead shot, a fine fencer, a thorough horseman, and a master of the dagger

or bowie-knife. His personal bravery has been unquestioned.

LETTER FROM BOOTH THE ASSASSIN.

A remarkable letter has been published, written by Wilkes Booth, and addressed, 'To all whom it may concern.' It was deposited last November with his brother-in-law, Mr John S. Clarke, with injunctions that it was 'for safe keeping.' After the assassination of Mr Lincoln, Mr Clarke opened the letter and gave it to the proper authorities. It is written in a passionate, incoherent style, and looks like the production of a man who had brooded over an idea till he had lost his reason. It is evidently intended as an apology for an act which the writer fancied it had become his duty to commit, but which he knew would not be easily forgiven by society. That act was certainly not murder, but from an expression in the closing part of the paper, it would appear that Booth had conceived a project for making the President a prisoner. In the course of his letter he says:—'To hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike a wrong and oppression was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it and may it never. This country was formed for the white and not for the black man; and looking upon African slavery from the same stand-point held by the noble framers of our constitution, I for one have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favoured nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power, witness their elevation and enlightenment above, their race elsewhere I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen less harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, heaven knows, no one would be willing to do more for the negro race than I could I but see a way to still better their condition. But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation.' Further on he says, 'Oh, my friends, if the fearful scenes of the past four years had never been enacted, or if what has been had been but a frightful dream from which we could now awake, with what overflowing hearts could we bless our God and pray for his continued favour. How I have loved the old flag can never now be known. A few years since and the entire world could boast of none so pure and spotless. But I have of late been seeing and hearing of the bloody deeds of which she has been made the emblem and would shudder to think how changed she has grown. O how I have longed to see her break from the midst of blood and death that circles round her folds spilling her beauty and tarnishing her honour. But no, day by day she has been dragged deeper and deeper into cruelty an oppression, till now (in my eyes) her once bright red stripes look like bloody gashes on the face of Heaven. The passage that is thought to indicate his intention of trying to capture the President is the following:—'I love (as things stand to-day) is for the South alone. No do I deem it a dishonour in attempting to make for her a prisoner of this man, to whom she owes so much misery.' The letter is signed 'A Confederate doing duty on his own responsibility. J. Wilkes Booth.' It bears the appearance of being genuine, but is of course open to the suggestion of having been put forth on the part of Booth's friends to save him from the gallows by inducing doubts of his sanity.

BOOTH'S STAGE ECCENTRICITIES.

Considerable has been said about Booth the assassin's habit of getting excited or so carried away by the character he was impersonating upon the stage as to make real instead of a mock attack upon his adversary in the play. The New York Herald speaks of one instance in that city, in his performance of Richard the Third where, roused to intense excitement, he attacked Mr E. L. Tilton, the Richmond of the occasion, so violently as to knock him into the orchestra, nearly breaking his arm. At the commencement of his last engagement in Boston, which, by-the-by, was at the Museum, and not the Howard Athenaeum, as stated by the daily papers, this 'excitement' was spoken of among the stock company at rehearsal, and subsequently Booth admitted he had 'cut' men in some of his stage combats. Upon this the leading actor at the Museum, who was to perform Richmond, Renaud, &c., in supporting Booth, speaking to him on the subject, said:—'Mr Booth, it may be, as well that we understand each other before commencing the performance. There is no necessity of an actor being hurt in a stage combat; and mark my words, if you cut my fingers or even scratch my person with your sword, defend yourself in earnest, for from that moment the combat will be a real one.' We may add, in conclusion, that the Boston professional, who is a quiet, gentlemanly man, but who has no idea of being 'cut,' to illustrate another performer's 'eccentricity,' received not the slightest injury or even inconvenience in his stage combats with Booth, who probably thought it not wise to exhibit any of his 'excitement' during that engagement.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

THE ACCIDENT TO BOOTH.

Circumstances which have come to the knowledge of the Government render it nearly certain that Booth's horse fell with him on Friday night, 14th inst., and it is believed caused a fracture of one of his legs. It is also reported that he had divested himself of his moustache.

THE BOXES AT THE THEATRE ENGAGED BY UNKNOWN PERSONS.

One of the most remarkable circumstances connected with the assassination is that all the private boxes in the theatre had been engaged by unknown parties on the morning of Friday. They were unoccupied during the night, so that when Booth jumped on the stage after the commission of the act he did not fear arrest from any parties who might have occupied them. This is but another and one of the strongest evidences going to show the premeditation of the murder. The question now arises, who rented the boxes, and did it not naturally arouse suspicion on the part of somebody connected with the theatre, to know that all the boxes were rented and yet not occupied? Events will soon determine these mysteries.—New York Tribune.

INTERCEPTED LETTER TO WILKES BOOTH.

A letter received at Ford's theatre, directed to J. Wilkes Booth, has been handed to the police. It is in the handwriting of Junius Brutus Booth, and is simply signed 'Jun.' The writer speaks significantly of the oil business, and advises young Booth to abandon it now that Richmond has been given up and Lee has surrendered, as his friends believe it will not be profitable. A postscript signed 'Alice' is appended, giving Booth similar advice.

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER FROM THE FATHER OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

The widow of the late Mr Sam Cowell has placed in our (the Scotsman) hands the copy of the following extraordinary letter, written to Mr Joseph Cowell, the celebrated American comedian, and father of Sam Cowell, by Junius Brutus Booth, the father of the assassin of President Lincoln. It proves that something like madness was certainly one of the psychological specialties of the father of the now notorious murderer:—

'Exterior of Louisville Jail,
Praise be to Allah!

'Year of the Christ, Feb. 3, 1834.
Of the Planet, 5994.

'Your loving communication has been just delivered after my third incarceration in the above for carrying on solely an unprofitable and disgraceful business—namely, telling the truth to scoundrels. I have suffered much what is called physical pain—shammed more, and feel—I wish I did not—more supernatural contentment than ever of my race. I wish I could pity them—I cannot. I cannot say "Forgive them, they know not what they do!"

'Per advice, I hear you intend making money by the sale of hogs' blood—which is the life. It is none of my business; only be sure blood calls for blood. Your horticultural notion I prefer; only be gentle in thy operations, even there, for there is a never-dying worm. The Hindoo religion is the only one I believe to be at all like truth. I feel so certain of it, that were this my last moment, and death were hanging over me on the very eve to stifle what tiny spark was lingering in my heart, I would declare myself Hindoo versus mundum. Had there been no fish, there would have been no crucifixion—do you take? Excuse bad pen, hurry—dirty hands, torn papers, and steamboat about to go. Many thanks to "Moses," and my last greeting to his caro maestro.—Yours ever,

'J. B. BOOTH.

'Joseph Cowell, Esq., Clark's Store,
Whitewater Township, Hamilton County, Ohio.'

Mr Cowell states that when Booth wrote the above he was walking about the State of Louisville, with nothing but a blanket on.

THE ENCOUNTER WITH BOOTH.

The following further particulars have been received:—It appears that Booth and Harold, dressed in Confederate uniforms, reached Garret's farm several days ago. Booth was wounded. In conversation, he denounced Lincoln's assassination, and said that the rewards offered would doubtless be increased to half a million. The Garrets, when arrested, asserted that they did not suspect it was Booth. Canadian bills for a large amount were found upon him. Harold remains uncommunicative. Booth was shot through the head. He lingered for three hours. His foot also was injured, and he used crutches. The cavalry who surrounded the barn summoned Booth and Harold to surrender. The latter

seemed inclined to acquiesce, but Booth accused him of cowardice. After the barn was fired Harrold surrendered, but Booth shot at the cavalry sergeant, who returned the fire and killed him. It is supposed that Harrold is an accomplice of the assassin who attacked Seward.

THE CAUSE OF MR LINCOLN'S MURDER.

The following is from the Toronto Leader of April 18:—Lengthy though the reports connected with the assassination of Mr Lincoln have been, there has not been a word stated, either by way of suggestion or as a matter of fact, as to the motive which could have impelled John Wilkes Booth to brace himself to the fearful work of striking down, in the height of his exultation over the victories of the past few months, the President of the United States. Surely something must have been known of the man by the authorities at Washington, where he had spent so much of his life. Was there no act of the Government whose effect could be traced in any way to Booth? The reports hint not a word; but the deficiency is supplied by the Buffalo Courier of yesterday. It says—'The motives which impelled the assassin to his infernal work seem to lie chiefly on the surface. We are assured by a gentleman who claims to have positive knowledge on the subject, that Booth is an own cousin of the rebel Captain Beall, who was executed a few weeks since on Governor's Island.' And it adds—'Most clearly, we think, the inspiration of the murder came not from the conquered and prostrate South, but was wrought up in the secret chambers of a mind partially prepared for the evil work by its recklessness, desperate nature, and its bitter hatreds, and finally impelled to the act by the mad promptings of personal revenge.' If this should prove to be true, it will be a singular instance of the remarkable agreement of popular apprehension with established fact. Hardly had the news of the assassination become known here than those who endeavour to find a cause for the horrible deed had their minds directed to the execution of Captain Beall. This brave man, before he died, declared that his death would be avenged, and Booth is reported to have uttered the words, 'Sic semper tyrannis,' to have also said, 'I am avenged,' or, as some accounts have it, 'the South is avenged.'



JOHN WILKES BOOTH,
The Assassin of President Lincoln.

Glasgow Weekly Herald
May 26 1865

Clara Morris Tells Many Interesting Tales About Him.

[From the Boston Herald.]

1890

There were traces of tears in the eyes of Clara Morris, that actress who has brought the tears into the eyes of so many thousands of theater goers, as the writer was presented to her by her manager, Mr. Frank L. Goodwin, in one of the parlors of the Tremont House yesterday afternoon. A copy of the January *Century*, open at page 432, lay upon the table, and, by way of opening conversation, the writer asked if Miss Morris had been reading Mr. Jefferson's autobiography.

"No," she replied, "I have not yet read what Mr. Jefferson has to say in this number, although I have read his charming chapters with pleasure and profit, as they have been published up to this month. The fact is that I was reading Nicolay and Hay's chapters on Lincoln, and was reading what they had to say of John Wilkes Booth as you knocked! Poor fellow! So rash, so impetuous, so misguided. It is all very terrible and so very sad." There were tears in the voice of the actress as she spoke, and the cause of the tears which had left their traces on her face as the writer entered the room was made clear. "You knew John Wilkes Booth, then?" the writer said: "Yes, and this story," laying her hand upon the magazine. "Look me back many years to the theater in Cleveland where I first saw and admired him. It was impossible to see him and not admire him; it was equally impossible to know him and not love him. I was only a little girl at the time, not more than 13 or 14 years of age, and although I had played several small parts, I was really only one of the ballet, and my salary, if it can be called by that name, was 50c a night. My! what a dashing, elegant, handsome fellow he was, with his perfectly formed figure, graceful in every movement, his pale, dark face and his big, flashing dark eyes, which had all the lights and changes which are supposed to be possible only to the deeper blue eyes. He was a gentleman in speech, manner and thought, as he was in bearing. He was a great favorite with the men, and the women adored him. Don't misunderstand me now," said Miss Morris with great earnestness, "and if you print what I say do not misrepresent me. I am not defending Mr. Booth, nor apologizing for him, and God forbid that I should have a moment's sympathy with him in the hour when he stunned a nation and plunged the whole world into mourning; but those who are writing history should be fair even to him. At this late day the country can afford to deal justly with John Wilkes Booth. He was not a bravo, a commonplace desperado, as some would make him, nor was he, as Messrs. Nicolay and Hay state, a man whose value as an actor lay rather in his romantic beauty of person than in any talent or industry he possessed. He had more than mere talent as an actor. In his soul the fire of genius burned brightly, and he promised to top them all in the profession into which he was born. He had by inheritance the fire, the dash, the impetuosity, the temperament and the genius of his great father, and he more nearly resembled the older Booth in those qualities which go to make up a great actor than any of the other sons of that eminent sire. His father was his only superior as *Richard III.* Who can say what he might have been to the stage had he lived until his great natural powers had fully ripened? I would not trust myself to make these statements concerning his power as an actor was not my own judgment of him supported by the testimony of older actors, who were certainly competent to express an opinion concerning his artistic worth. I know how effective he was with the public, as many nights I have stood upon the stage in a humble capacity and wondered at his power to move and thrill vast assemblages. To his inferiors he was ever gentle, considerate and kind. The sorrowing heart of many a struggling, disappointed and poor young actor has quickened with pulsations of hope as he spoke words of kindly encouragement, and his purse was never full enough to meet the requirements of his liberal character. For several years in that theater in Cleveland I hardly knew the value of a name, as I was always called 'that little girl with the hood.' I was not rich enough in those days to afford a gay hat or a spruce-looking bonnet, and I generally wore a little hood, and from that fact I got to be called, as I have said, 'that little girl with the hood.' I remember one day, when the bill for the night was to be Hamlet, and the actress who was to play the player-queen was incapacitated. I can not tell you with what a thrill of satisfaction I heard Mr. Booth say, 'Couldn't that little girl with the hood do it?' I was cast to go on for the part. After I had spoken a few lines I saw Hamlet turn round as he lay prone on the stage and stare at me. I felt that something was wrong with me; that my dress was not all right, or that something had displeased the star. However, I rallied and

went through my speech, but left the stage feeling certain that for something, I did not know what, I was to be reprimanded. With fear and trembling I saw Mr. Booth approach. He paused and, in presence of several members of the company, complimented me, and said that for a moment after I had begun speaking he thought he had detected tears in my voice. Only the young actress can understand what that compliment was to me. Too few of our great stars think of performing the so little acts, which mean so much to those who are striving to work on to the place which is the goal of young ambition. I remember another night when the performance was really distressingly bad, when everything seemed to go wrong, as it sometimes will in the theater, and Mr. Booth's best scenes and greatest situations were utterly ruined. Every one expected a storm and some vigorous language when the curtain fell, and Manager Elster of the theater was there expecting his share of censure. To the surprise of all who had seen other stars in similar circumstances, and who had seen the air blue, as the saying is, Mr. Booth simply said to Manager Elster: 'It's too bad, John, too bad; you must do better for me to-morrow.' His kindly heart would not permit him to berate the poor actors who had done their best, even though their best had made him appear at his worst."

HAD BEEN DRINKING

Wilkes Booth Probably Drunk When He Killed Lincoln.

Story of a Chicago Man Who Was in Ford's Theater On the Night Of the Tragedy.

To the Editor of The New York Sun—
Sir: I recently picked up a clipping from your paper containing a statement of James N. Mills, who claims to have been present at the time the lamented Abraham Lincoln was shot.

I, too, have a story that has never been related in the public prints. It also has to do with a little thing that I witnessed at the time the president was assassinated, and also something that occurred the afternoon prior to it.

I was only a boy at the time, scarcely 19 years of age. I had been in the army since August, 1862. Was enlisted in company H, One Hundred and Fortieth New York Volunteers, as a drummer. I was detached from my company nearly all the time from the spring of 1863 to the time I was discharged from the service as a foot orderly at brigade headquarters. I served in that capacity under the colonel of my regiment, who for a time commanded the Third brigade, Second division, Fifth corps, Col. P. H. O'Rourke, who, by the way, was killed at Gettysburg; also under General Weed, who was also killed at Gettysburg, and afterwards under Colonel Girard of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth New York Volunteers, commanding the brigade. In 1863 and up to the close of the war I was with General Griffin and General Ayers. As I said, I was only a foot orderly, consequently did not have the confidence of the officers attached to headquarters, still was among them, ready to obey any orders given me day or night. I was in the front most of the time, but did not have the honor of capturing a whole brigade of the enemy, or performing any of the heroic acts others tell about.

Some time in the latter part of March, 1865, I was sent to Washington on account of the loss of my voice. I remained there most of the time in barracks on east Capitol Hill. On the afternoon of the fated April 14, 1865, I happened in the saloon next door to Ford's theater to see the barkeeper, one Jim Peck. While standing near a stove about the center of the room three men came into the place laughing and talking loudly. They all went to the end of the bar nearest the door and ordered a drink. One was a tall, handsome fellow, dressed in the latest fashionable clothes, if I remember rightly, and the others appeared like workmen of some kind. Both were carelessly dressed, and I think one was in his shirt sleeves. They had their drink, and then the fine-looking man turned toward where I was standing and said, "Come up, soldier, and have a drink." I declined, for the reason that I had not at that time become addicted to the habit of social drinking. He then approached me and took me by the arm and said, "Have something; take a cigar." This I did not refuse, and he put his hand in his vest pocket and, pulling out a cigar,

handed it to me without any further remarks. He then returned to his companions at the bar. They remained, if I remember correctly, about five minutes after, and then, all laughing at something that Peck said, left the place. As soon as they were gone I asked Peck who the big man was, and he said that he was an actor—one of the Booth family—John Wilkes Booth. I had heard of him before, but paid no further attention to it except to remark that he seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, when Peck stated that he was on a "drunk," and associated with the stage mechanics in the theater all the time.

As I was about to depart, little thinking what history would develop in a few short hours, Peck asked me to accept a couple of tickets to the theater for that night. I was glad to get them, having no money to purchase the same, and knowing that the president would be at the play. Later I found a young man, like myself, broke, and invited him to accompany me to the play. We were on hand early, and, having good reserved seats about the center of the house, were elated over our good luck.

Suffice it to say that the curtain went up and "Our American Cousin," was introduced. I was intently interested and cannot remember positively what act it was on, except what is told in history, when I heard a shot, and immediately a man appeared at the front of the president's box and, without waiting, jumped to the stage beneath. I, as well as all others in the theater, was astonished. He ran to about the center of the stage and raised his left hand and said something I did not catch, and then disappeared behind the wings. As soon as I saw him I recognized the handsome man I had seen in the saloon that afternoon, and turned to my comrade and said: "That's Wilkes Booth, the actor, and I think he is on a drunk." Before I had finished even this a cry went up that the president had been shot. "Stop that man!" and many other exclamations I have forgotten. It was all done so quickly that one had hardly time to think. Immediately the audience rose as one person and cries were heard all over the house, "Stop that man!" "The president has been assassinated!" and many others. The people began to crush each other and try to get out of the theater, but they were quieted to a certain extent and the provost guard on duty there fought to make them keep their places. Soon there was a movement on the side aisle running from the president's box and from where I was standing on my seat I could see what appeared to be a party of men carrying some one. Later the rest of the party were conducted out of the theater, and when I managed to get outside I saw a crowd looking up at a house opposite. On asking what it meant, I was told that the president had been carried there and was dying. I lost my comrade in the crowd and have never met him since.

It is unnecessary to go into any more details of what occurred that night. I was excited, as well as every one else in the city, and got little rest. But that is my experience, told as briefly as possible, without any stretch of imagination. If I had to do with the same again I think it would have been better if I had told the officials what I saw that afternoon, but, as it was, all came out right, and the really guilty ones suffered the penalty of their crime. I met Peck the next year in New York City, but have never heard of or seen him since.

Chicago, Sept. 1. George C. Read.

AQUIDNECK HOUSE.

Date.	1865	Name.	Residence.	Apartment.	Time.
"	"	Edward Pepper. Jr.	Philadelphia.	311	7
"	"	Mrs. Peppert	"	314.33.	"
April 5	"	C. B. Casp.	Oil City	18	12
"	"	James Remondia	Memphis	18	"
"	"	A. M. Evans	San Francisco Cal.	18	"
"	"	Samuel B. Shephard	"	9010	"
"	"	Family in acc.	St. Paul	8132	"
"	"	J. W. South & Lady	Boston	3	"
"	"	G. H. Chapin	"	37	27
"	"	Amel Brown	Boston	33	"
"	"	James Walker	Cambridge	"	"
"	"	Robert Walker	Cambridge	"	"

47

Secured by Col. Elbert D. Baldwin of 12th Ind Volunteers
who was in Washington at the time of the assassination of
Abraham Lincoln these rewards were posted about
Washington. and recalled after the capture of Wilkes
Booth and his accomplices where are known to
be but two others in existence at this time

Mrs Elbert D. Baldwin

8/19/42

Dr Warren

Sept 21-17

Facsimile of the First Issue of the First Daily Paper in the Original Oil Region

TITUSVILLE MORNING HERALD.

By Carrier, 25 Cents Per Week. { NO. 1.
By Mail, \$10 Per Year.

TITUSVILLE, PA., JUNE 14, 1865.

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TELEGRAPH.

Expressly for the Morning Herald by Western

Union Line.

GOOD DEATHS.

closed dull with improvement lost. Win-
ter Red Western 16; white Michigan
137 1-2; Rye quiet; Winter 87; Corn
opened 142c better, and closed quiet with
the improvement partially lost 78c 3/4.

McWbray's Patent

HYDROSTATIC AIR PUMP,

For Elevating Oil, Water &c.

FROM DEEP WELLS,

1700 ft. or more, submergence in water.

1700 ft. or more, submergence in water.

will
have

OIL NEWS.

The Homestead well, on the Hyner farm,
opposite the Morcy (late Copeland,) Farm, Pit-
hole is now flowing 500 barrels of oil per day.—
The product of the well before draping the sucker
rods was 80 barrels per day. They were partly
taken out on Wednesday last and the well in-
creased to 150 barrels. The remaining part being
removed, on Saturday last the well flowed 500
barrels and is probably the most productive well
in the oil region of Pennsylvania. The owners
of the well are Boston parties. Their property
consists of 25 acres in fee of the Hyner farm on
which the above well is located. John Wilkes
Booth purchased one thirteenth interest in this
territory in August 1864. The price of the entire
interest was then \$15,000. Booth in November
last transferred his interest to Joseph Simonds.—
He was very particular about the assignment
in due form of law, and carried the assignment
to the Registry office himself.

We are credibly informed that this Homestead
well in which Booth was interested was destroyed
by fire on the day he assassinated President Lin-
coln.

John Wilkes Booth

WAS MRS. BOOTH INHUMAN?

Compiled by HERBERT WELLS FAY, Custodian Lincoln's Tomb

Was J. Wilkes Booth's mother a fiend? Was she the most inhuman parent of history? Did she wilfully and maliciously falsify and fasten one of the greatest crimes of all time upon her own blood? Did she overlook a chance to clear her family name?

These questions are asked because people still disregard the documentary evidence in the case and the conclusions of all the reputable historians of Lincoln.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature. There is, however, one exception. A parent, or at least a mother, will die in protecting her offspring. This, equally, is the instinct of the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest.

The undisputed evidence in the Booth case is this: Harold was in the home where the plot was laid. Harold held Booth's horse at the theatre. Harold was with Booth when Doctor Mudd set Booth's leg. Harold was at the Garrett barn where Booth was shot.

If the man whom Boston Corbett shot in the barn was not Booth, then Booth did not assassinate Lincoln, and Mrs. Booth's identification of the body was that of her son was the most unnatural crime of a mother in all history. That Mrs. Booth would deliberately fasten the assassination of Lincoln on her son, that an entire stranger could coin money is absurd indeed.

No one could believe that unless he had a mother who would do the same.

But the average citizen is awed by family traditions and sworn affidavits, and they are generally good unless overcome by documentary evidence. However, there were five alleged skulls of Booth shown in five states at one time, and each supported by a chain of affidavits. That seemed conclusive, but, of course, it would be impossible. This shows how affidavits may not be conclusive.

To show that the Booths had great regard for the family name, Edwin Booth refused to make a date in Springfield years afterward, except on petition of

one thousand of the representative citizens. The paper was signed in a few hours.

In the issue of "Week by Week," of July 27, 1935, the writer printed a statement giving the documentary evidence in the Booth case, establishing the following points:

Booth was identified by photos.
Corbett tells his own story.
The identification by the mother.
Enid embalmer not convinced.
Affidavits give Booth five skulls.
The statement follows:

As from time to time persons have appeared on the scene claiming that they were J. Wilkes Booth there is a widespread tradition that the man killed 12 days after the tragic event was not Lincoln's assassin.

I have two original documents in my collection that authorities on such matters say cannot be picked up elsewhere for even \$100,000, in fact, no money value can be placed upon such historic treasures. They are a personal letter from Mr. Baker, who represented the U. S. secret service in the capture of Booth and the personal statement penned in 1887 by Boston Corbett who killed J. Wilkes Booth. They are as follows:

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 15, 1894.
H. W. Fay, Esq., DeKalb, Ill.

Dear Sir: Your favor of 6th inst. at hand. I send you under another cover one of my combination pictures, with circulars that explain themselves.

The picture of Lincoln is a copy of a photo I obtained in Washington, D. C., just before the assassination. It is a first copy of a negative taken by Alex. Gardner, just before Lee's surrender. I know it is a good one, as I frequently saw the original in those days.

The likeness of Booth is also a copy of one I have in my possession. It has a history and I value it very highly. It was taken from Laura Keene's room the day after the assassination. It was found

concealed behind a fancy picture on her mantle. You remember she was under arrest a short time as one of Booth's accomplices, but was soon released as no evidence appeared against her.

This likeness of Booth is said to be the best in existence. The copy I have I carried with me while in his pursuit and he was identified by it.

Corbett's likeness was also taken from a negative in Washington. The original is now in the possession of a comrade and chum of his while in the service. I met him on one of my lecture trips and obtained a copy, the negative of which I have. The central picture is explained by the card on its back.

I was in DeKalb about a year ago. Had I known of your collection of photos, should most certainly have given you a call. I would like to secure a good picture of Mrs. Surratt and her son John.

Very truly yours,

J. B. BAKER.

BOOTH'S MOTHER

From Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph

"Crowding Memories," by Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, shows a new side to the great tragedy of Lincoln's assassination. Edwin Booth and his mother were intimate friends of the Aldriches. The terrible suffering and suspense of John Wilkes Booth's family in the ten days between the assassination and his death made a most graphic picture. It was necessary for Mrs. Booth to take a train out of New York. There was a long drive across the city and Mr. Aldrich and another friend offered to go with her. They were "startled by the loud call of a newsboy crying, 'Death of John Wilkes Booth. Capture of his companion.' Mr. Thompson made some trivial excuse which enabled him to close the windows and draw down the curtains, and all through the endless way to the ferry was the accompaniment of this shrill and tragic cry, which Mr. Thompson struggled by loud and incessant talk to smother, that it might not reach the ears of the broken-hearted mother until he had an opportunity to buy a paper and know if the news was true. On the arrival at the boat he hurried the shrouded figure in his charge to a secluded corner of the deck, where he hoped she might escape, both in sight and hearing, the excitement that was seething about her.

"When he had found a seat in the crowded train for Mrs. Booth, he left her for a moment and bought a newspaper, and had time only to put it in her hand and to say: 'You will need now all your courage. The paper in your hand will tell you what, unhappily, we must all wish to hear. John Wilkes is dead;' and as he spoke the car slowly started, leaving Mr. Thompson only time to spring to the platform. On the moving train, surrounded by strangers, the poor mother sat alone in her misery, while every one about her, unconscious of her presence, was reading and talking, with burning indignation, of her son, the assassin of the President. Before the train had reached its journey's end, Mrs. Booth, with wonderful fortitude and self-restraint had read the pitiful story of her misguided boy's wanderings, capture and death. And alone in her wall of silence read—'Tell my mother that I died for my country.'"

The Booth Family.

The Booth family, at present, consists of the following members: The widow of the elder Booth: Lucius Junius Brutus, the eldest son, and tragedian; Edwin Booth; Joseph Booth who at the breaking out of the war, was a student in Charleston, studying in the office of Dr. C. Davega, and is now assistant treasurer in the Winter Garden; and two daughters one a middle aged lady and unmarried and the other the wife of Clarke, the comedian, manager of the Winter Garden, of which he and Edwin are lessees. Mrs. Clarke is a most talented lady and is author of a biographical sketch of her father—a well written and most interesting work, published recently. Edwin Booth has been a widower for about three years and has one child a sweet little four-year old prattler to whom her father is most devotedly attached; there is not a single wavelet in the sea of toys, either here or elsewhere, that the pretty little Edwina can wish for in vain, and 'Moultree' has whiled away many a weary moment in listening to the prattle of this extraordinary and intelligent child, as she displayed her toys and described to him in detail the beauty of the dresses of her three dolls.—*New York correspondence Charleston News.* 1866

S. 18. 1866

Wilkes Booth, whose body Secretary Stanton took so much pains to dispose of so that no man should ever know the spot where it was buried, is reported to be in Europe. The story is that the man whom Boston Corbett so heroically shot, and whose body Stanton refused to exhibit to any one that ever saw Booth, was a poor wretch hired by the assassins to personate Booth, in order to facilitate the escape of the latter. Whether there be or not any truth in this story, it will never cease to be a suspicious circumstance connected with the fate of Wilkes Booth, that Stanton refused to deliver the body that was brought up from Virginia to his friends, or even to let them look upon it.

EDWIN BOOTH: MY BROTHER JOHN

Windsor Hotel.

July 28th, '81.

Nahum Capen Esq.

Dear Sir,

I can give you very little information regarding my brother John. I seldom saw him since his early boyhood in Baltimore. He was a rattle-pated fellow, filled with Quixotic notions. While on the farm in Maryland he would charge on horseback, through the woods, shouting heroic speeches, with a lance in his hand, a relic of the Mexican War, given to father by some soldier who had served under Taylor. We regarded him as a good-hearted, harmless, though wild-brained boy, and used to laugh at his patriotic froth whenever secession was discussed. That he was insane, on that point, no one who knew him well can doubt. When I told him that I had voted for Lincoln's re-election he expressed deep regret, and declared his belief that Lincoln would be made King of America, and this, I believe, was the idea that drove him beyond the limit of reason. I asked him once, why he did not join the Confederate Army, to which he replied: I promised mother I would keep out of the quarrel, if possible, and I'm sorry that I did so". Knowing my sentiments he avoided me, rarely visiting my house, except to see his mother, when political topics were not touched upon, at least in my presence. He was of a gentle, loving disposition, very boyish and "full of fun" his mothers' darling, and his deed & death crushed her spirit. He possessed rare dramatic talent and would have made a brilliant mark in the theatrical world.

This is positively all I know about him, having left him a mere school-boy when I went with my father to California in 1852, and on my return in '56 we were separated by professional engagements, which kept him mostly in the South while I was employed in the Eastern & Northern States. I do not believe any of the wild, romantic stories published in the papers concerning him, but, of course, he may have been engaged in political matters of which I know nothing. All his theatrical friends speak of him as a poor crazy boy,

and as such his family think of him.

I am sorry I can afford you no further light on the subject.

Very truly yours,

EDWIN BOOTH.

(A. L. S. 8vo, three pages).

ANDREAS H. GROTH: LONDON IN 1765

London ye 8 July, 1765.

Dear Brother

By this opportunity I cant neglect to acquaint you, of my arriveall the 22 last month at this place, having had from the Cape to the Lands end of Engl: not above 22 days passage, which, if our Capt would have pleas'd might have been much shorter, but he being a very carefull man, had great reasons for his conduct, and for this, and other good qualitis, it's no wonder that passengers preferr going with him.

I hope that this will find you and Sister in desirable health, the continuance of which will always rejoyce your Sister & me; I find all things vastly chang'd, and never could imagine the Oeconemy and alterations at Court, if I had not been visibly convinc'd of it; The Servants that attend the Royl. Persons in the house hold, used to have a good supper and a Bottle of Wine, which I find now changd into a piece of Bread & Cheese & a pott of Beer, the King has forsaken his forefathers house which is so strip'd, that its hardly known from what it was before, tho he holds there his drawing room twice a week, and goes every first day to the Chappell; when that is over, he goes immediately to the Queens house: which was formerly the Duke of Buckinghams/: and to Richmond none of the Royall family is scarce to be seen, except upon drawing room or publick days, being afraid, of being opportun'd by necessitous persons. B- is curs'd by every Body as thought to be the author of all the changes and alterations, both, as to the State and Individualls: The people in General are dissatisfyed with the present Managemt of affairs/ in General/: I am told, that they libell the King & not a little, a paper had ben lately stuck up against the Banqueting house

UNWRITTEN HISTORY

"HERE comes the handsomest man in the United States!" Young Harry Ford, who made the remark, was standing on the sidewalk in front of his father's theater, in Tenth street, in Washington. The date was April 14, 1865.

The man of whom he spoke, Wilkes Booth, was approaching from the direction of E street. He was young—only 25 years of age—and faultlessly dressed. It was not without good reason that Ford spoke of him in such terms of admiration; beyond question he was one of the handsomest men of his day.

It was just about noon, and Booth was coming to the theater, as he did every day, to get his mail. An actor by profession, he was for the time being unemployed, but found it convenient to have his letters addressed to Ford's.

When he reached the theater he passed a pleasant word with Harry, asking him if there was anything new. Harry could not think of anything in particular, except that President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln were coming to see the show that night. A messenger had arrived only a few minutes earlier with a request that a box be reserved for the White House party. They were to have the upper box on the right of the stage.

The colloquy between the two young men lasted only a minute or two. Then Booth went into the theater, got his letters, came out, sat down on the steps, read his mail, and remained there for a little while, apparently thinking. Finally he rose to his feet and walked down the street again, in the direction from which he had come.

Nobody will ever know what were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the actor as he sat there on the steps after putting his letters in his pocket. But there seems to be good reason to believe that during those moments the plan to assassinate the President was first formed. Here was a tempting opportunity to avenge at one blow the fancied wrongs of the South, and an insane impulse bade him seize it.

A conspiracy against Mr. Lincoln, in which Booth, Payne, Atzerott, and a number of others were engaged, had already been on foot for quite a while. Those in the plot had met repeatedly, for the purpose of talking it over, at the Kirkwood House (where the Raleigh Hotel now stands) and other places. But the plan in view was not to kill the President. He was to be kidnapped, carried south to Richmond, and there kept as a hostage, in order to compel the Federal government to come to terms, especially with regard to an exchange of prisoners.

It is not unlikely that this extraordinary project, about which there was more than a dash of the theatrical, originated in the imaginative brain of Booth himself. But circumstances did not work out favorably. There was one occasion on which it might possibly have been carried through—when, as had been announced, Mr. Lincoln was going to be present at an entertainment at the Soldiers' Home, just outside of Washington. An attempt was to be made to seize him, either on the way thither or coming back. But, at the last moment, important business intervened, and Secretary Chase was sent instead.

This failure, when the scheme seemed actually on the verge of fruition, so disheartened the plotters that most of them backed out, abandoning the conspiracy. Such, in fact, was the situation that had arrived on the fatal morning of April 14, when Wilkes Booth came to Ford's Theater to get his mail, and learned, incidentally, that the President was to see the play—"Our American Cousin," with Laura Keane—that evening.

It was about half an hour after noon when the young actor, getting up from the steps of the theater on Tenth street, flicked a few particles of dust from his irreproachable pantaloons, and walked away. Nobody knows what he did during the afternoon; but early in the evening he met Payne and Atzerott at the Clarendon Hotel, on the southwest corner of Ninth and F streets—a site now occupied by a huge granite office building. By this time he had fully matured his plan to kill Mr. Lincoln, and he unfolded it to his fellow-conspirators. Payne agreed to undertake the part of the scheme allotted to him, which was to murder Mr. Seward, the Secretary of State—a project which was afterward carried out almost with success. Atzerott, however,

refused to have anything to do with the business. He said that he had been perfectly willing to try to kidnap the President, but he drew the line at blood. At the same time he attempted to interfere, and, as if

his hands of the whole affair, immediately left the city by train.

What followed is a matter of familiar history.

Booth went to the theater about 10 o'clock in the evening, mounted to the gallery, and, watching for a favorable opportunity, stole along the passageway that gave entrance to the President's box. In those days the chief magistrate of the nation was not guarded by detectives, as is now the case, and it was easy for the assassin to enter the box from the rear and shoot Mr. Lincoln in the back of the head.

Of course there was tremendous excitement and confusion, during which the assassin leaped over the rail of the box to the stage. Catching his foot in the flag that draped the box, he fell upon the stage in such a manner as to break his ankle. Then, addressing to the audience the words, "Sic semper tyrannis!" with a theatrical gesture, he turned and fled.

Though the play at the moment was in the midst of its performance, nobody had the presence of mind to try to stop him, and he succeeded in reaching the alley alongside the theater and mounting his horse, which he had left there in charge of a boy. Before the hue and cry was fairly on foot he was well on his way toward Surrattsville (now Clinton), Md., crossing the Eastern branch of the Potomac by the navy yard bridge.

The story of the man-hunt that followed has been too often told to be worth reciting here. Riding southward, Booth paused at the house of a physician, Dr. Mudd, about 36 miles from Washington, to have his ankle set. Meanwhile, on the

road to Surrattsville, he was joined by a young man named Herold—a half-witted fellow, who had been a sort of hanger-on at Ford's Theater, and, as was natural, a great admirer of Booth. He was afterward hanged, together with Payne, Atzerott, and Mrs. Surratt, but persons who today are best acquainted with the details of the assassination are of the opinion that he was innocent of complicity in the affair.

Although Federal troops were scouring the country on both sides of the Potomac, in pursuit of the assassin, a number of days elapsed before he was finally run down, on a farm not far from the Rappahannock River. The barn in which he had taken refuge was set on fire, and, after Herold had come out and surrendered himself, Booth, who declared his intention to fight to the last, was shot, through a crack in the building, by a sergeant named Boston Corbett.

Corbett received a great deal of applause for this act, for which he claimed and received part of the reward which had been offered for Booth, dead or alive. As a matter of fact, however, it was very unfortunate that the matter should have terminated in such a way. If Booth had been captured, instead of being killed, the lives of two persons, afterward hanged, though almost undoubtedly innocent, might have been saved through his testimony.

There never was adequate evidence to show that young Herold was implicated in the conspiracy or concerned in the crime. Of Mrs. Surratt the same thing might be said. But public sentiment was passionately inflamed, as was natural under the circumstances, and demanded victims. Consequently, Mrs. Surratt and the half-witted youth perished on the scaffold with Payne and Atzerott.

The bullet fired by Boston Corbett struck Booth in the neck, severed the spinal cord, and killed him instantly. His body was put aboard a little steamer and carried up the Potomac to the Washington navy yard, where it was transferred to the monitor Montauk at night. What became of it from that time on is more or less of a mystery. The understanding is that it was removed from the monitor and buried under the old penitentiary at the Washington arsenal. But official records on the subject are surprisingly incomplete, and even to this day the final disposition of the assassin's remains is a carefully kept secret, known only to a very few persons.

A story has often been published to the effect that Booth's body, about four years after its burial in the manner described, was dug up and transferred by friends to a cemetery in Baltimore. There is not the slightest truth in such a statement, however, the fact being that the skeleton, strung together with wires, is still preserved and in the possession of the government, though hidden from public view. The War Department could tell where it now is, if it chose.

The body never underwent any proper identification, and there are not a few persons today who actually believe that it was not Wilkes Booth who was shot to death in the barn, but some other man. Published reports in the newspapers have even gone so far as to identify one individual or another as the assassin, who, according to the theory thus promulgated, made his escape and lived for many years, under an assumed name, in this or that part of the country. There is no reasonable doubt, however, that such notions are utterly without basis in fact.

Mr. Lincoln died at 7:20 o'clock on the morning after he was shot, in a small brick house directly opposite Ford's Theater, to which he was carried. This house is now a Lincoln museum, filled with memorials of the martyr President, including the tall silk hat which he wore on the fatal night, the chair in which he sat when the bullet was fired, a lock of his hair, the cradle in which he was rocked

as an infant, a wreath from his coffin, a rail of his own splitting, and a great variety of other such objects.

Most interesting of all are photographs of the execution of Payne, Atzerott, Herold, and Mrs. Surratt, in the yard of the penitentiary. The first picture in the series shows the reading of the death warrant, while friendly persons shelter Mrs. Surratt from the sun with umbrellas—the day being frightfully hot. In the second photograph the executioners are putting black caps on the doomed prisoners, and in the third the latter are

seen swinging from the gallows, while soldiers ranged along the walls of the prison yard look down upon the dismal spectacle—the final termination of a wretched and horrifying tragedy.

John Wilkes Booth?

(Written and copyrighted by
Frank A. Shutes, 1940)

In the early 1870's, when I was a boy in my teens, I was for several years clerk in a drug store in a small, slowly growing town in the south central part of Texas. The business in that section and at that time, was not without its excitements, for reconstruction was not yet far advanced and many of the statutes duly enacted by the Legislature were not enforced. Nearly every man in town carried a gun or two, perhaps supplemented by a knife or stiletto hung in a scabbard down his back, and these weapons were not strictly for show. My employer, Dr. L., had been a surgeon in the Confederate army during the Civil War, and all his skill and resourcefulness were needed in treating emergency cases, which were often brought directly to the store. Sometimes he called on me to help him at such times; and in other connections as well, he had come to treat me as a man rather than a growing boy upon whom he could rely. As for me, I had learned to admire his character as well as his ability, and to trust him fully.

He was well liked by the townspeople, and they were liberal patrons of the store. One of our largest lines was poisons. Without these poisons life would have been intolerable because of the swarming "varmints," ranging in size and species from red ants to wolves; and all providing for their own needs with such energy and efficiency that the quickest means for keeping them in control hardly sufficed. As for those who fought them, and others whose own lives were in frequent danger, it was small wonder that nerves were none too steady, and that the use of narcotics, as well as of mere stimulants, seemed the rule rather than the exception.

The store was narrow and long. A showcase for cigars on one side of the entrance, and on the other a large counter for fancy goods did much to attract the trade; and little revolving seats supported on iron standards gave customers a chance to rest while their prescriptions were being filled, and made a general waiting-place and meeting-place of this part of the store. Any one wishing to see the Doctor personally, as often happened, would be directed or escorted to his desk in the rear, which stood at one side against the wall. Beyond this, across the back, was the prescription counter; and opposite the desk, another counter, backed by shelves with glass doors, full of boxes and bottles of drugs. In the evening there would often be a little group of the Doctor's friends about him, and between the putting up of prescriptions and the wrapping

In Chamberlain Post



Sir John Anderson

Former Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, Sir John Anderson succeeded Neville Chamberlain, former prime minister, as Lord President of the Council in a shake-up of the British war cabinet. Chamberlain has been ill.

a new country. Can you give me employment in your business?"

"No," said my employer, "This work is only to be learned by years of apprenticeship."

"Could you place me on a ranch? I understand and love horses."

"Before going into that, I must consult with friends. Come with me to the hotel. I will arrange for your bill. I have friends whom I can trust. I will see them immediately, and in a day or so you will hear from me. Here, times are just becoming quiet and improving, and your staying here must be managed with care."

My employer and his guest went on talking tensely in the somewhat formal language then a mark of the Southern gentleman, for about two hours, during which time I waited on customers and filled several prescriptions. I was within a few feet of them fully half of this time, and they could see me or hear me at work at the prescription counter. While I was around they did not lower their voices, but when customers were near they stopped talking. Later in the evening, after the Doctor's return from the hotel, I saw him show the letters to a friend who happened in; and also at different times saw him show them to other men who came to the store. And I saw him take these men to the hotel, usually two at a time, to see Mr. Wilkes.

and what could give him such a hold upon Dr. L. and his friends?

Some three weeks passed, and none of the group could find employment for him. He would have been only a curiosity in our store, or any other, being wholly unsuited to such work, and his lameness forbade his attempting anything that required physical agility or strength. There seemed nothing into which he fitted, and he must gradually have realized this and grown discouraged.

About noon one day I was alone in the store and was greatly surprised when Mr. Wilkes came in, for the first time in daylight. Asking me to wait on him, he said, "I want enough poison to kill a dozen rats or a dozen cats or both, I don't care which. The rats run about my bedroom at night, and the cats try to get at them through the screened windows and the door from the verandah. Between them they make such a disturbance I am sick for sleep, and I must get some rest."

His appearance fully upheld the truth of this statement. He looked distraught, leaning heavily with both hands upon the counter where I was standing. Bending his body nearly across it, he insisted that I sell him enough poison to do a good job. Without hesitation I put up for him some ten grains of sulph. strychnia, changing him twenty-five cents. He tossed the money toward me abruptly, and turned to leave the store, nearly colliding with my employer, who at that moment was entering from the street. They greeted each other with "Good morning," "Good morning," and passed.

My employer came to where I was standing and said, "What did you sell that man?"

"Ten grains of strychnia," I answered.

"What did he say he wanted to do with it?"

I repeated Mr. Wilkes' account of the intolerable nights he had spent, and of his need for sleep.

"He said he wanted enough poison to kill a dozen cats or a dozen rats, or both, he didn't care which. He said his room at the hotel was overrun with rats, and the cats were on the verandah trying to get through the screened doors and windows. So between the noise of the rats as they scampered around the room and the scratching and yowling of the cats, he hadn't had any real sleep for several nights."

"My good God!" exclaimed the Doctor, rushing for the surgical instrument case and grabbing a hypodermic syringe. "Give me that little bottle of Apomorphia from the prescription counter!"

Running out of the door, he met one of his circle coming in, and exclaimed, "Oh, Judge, come with me. I fear we shall have a desperate case to handle. Mr. Wilkes has just bought some strychnine and gone to his room." "Hurry" was the last word I heard as they ran across the street.

of parcels, I would occasionally fill their glasses according to their individual medicinal tastes; Sherry or Port.

One evening, as I stood near the front of the store waiting for customers, a slender man of medium height came slowly down the street and turned in at the door. The impression he made upon me was immediate and powerful. His dress was not unusual—Prince Albert coat, soft black hat, vest open to the two lower buttons, a considerable display of shirt front, rolling collar, and flowing necktie; and his hair, thick and partly gray, hung down over his neck. But it was not these attributes that would have fastened attention upon him in any crowd. It was something indefinable in the man himself, which as he came nearer and looked at me with dark, expressive eyes, held me quite still, looking back at him in absorbed silence. He asked for Dr. L., and his voice, rich, flexible and cultivated, made the same impression of rare personality. Companies of traveling players came to the town every now and then, and having seen and heard many, I thought of him at once as an actor, but of an order as far as the skies above those others.

I directed him to my employer's desk at the rear of the store, and as he went toward it, I noticed that he was quite lame and leaned on a cane. The Doctor rose from his chair and said, "I heard you ask for me. I am Dr. L."

"Yes," answered the stranger, "I have a personal letter for you from your old army friend, Major —, and several others for your perusal." They shook hands. The Doctor seated him, took the letters, and opening the one addressed to him began to read it. My curiosity, already keenly aroused, was intensified by his evident reaction to its contents. He was a man of very even disposition, and not given to any show of feeling, but I could see that he was deeply stirred as he read and re-read those letters. As he finished, he leaned slightly toward the stranger as though to speak. The visitor drew close to him, and they looked at each other silently for a moment, in tense, dramatic attitudes. The Doctor's face seemed to show his thoughts, dwelling on years of war experience, on marches and battles, hardships, agony and death. Then he said,

"Mr. Wilkes, do you think this is safe?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It is now some years since I was compelled to place my safety in the hands of my friends and withdraw from the public sight, and further, I am officially dead. Also many of my friends who so kindly sheltered me are no longer financially able to do so. Many of my former enemies are dead, and those left do not recognize me on the streets. But I dare not go back to the stage. I must start again in

The visitor must have been warned to keep off the streets and avoid the public as much as possible, for he came to the store in the day time but once. In the evening, however, he came several times, and stopped with a charming smile and greeting at the cigar counter, hanging his cane by the crook over his right arm, leaning his left elbow on the frame to relieve the lame leg, considering the various cigar boxes in the case, and pointing with slender fingers at the particular one from which he wished to be served. Then, lighting his cigar, he would stand and chat a while very pleasantly, asking questions about the town, or the people coming in, and sometimes describing life on great plantations where he had apparently been entertained; touching on such matters as the slave quarters, the cotton and rice which could not then be sold and was not even picked but left at the mercy of an incredible variety of birds swarming upon it and trying to pick out the seeds.

To all he said I listened with intense interest, pleased and flattered that he should notice me, but at the same time aware of a strange duality in his manner: the quality of the actor, at times even of the poseur, contending with a recurrent self-restraint as though he feared in some way to betray himself. He never touched on anything personal, and it was not the custom of the place to question strangers, but in any case I would never have ventured it. A cat may look at a king, but does not question him.

From the beginning his face and figure had haunted me with a mysterious sense of familiarity, but I could not tell why. I had never met him, of that I was sure. But could I have seen pictures of him, I wondered, perhaps in connection with some important event? Who was he,

My employer returned to the store in about two hours.

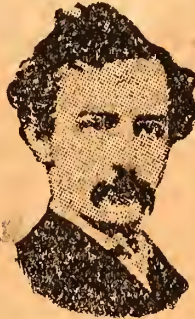
"Well, it was a close call," he said. "He had locked the door—we broke it open. That delayed us a moment, and gave him time to swallow some of the strychnine before I was able to get to him and dash the glass from his lips and throw him on the bed. I forced the end of a towel into his mouth to keep him from biting me, and shoved my finger down his throat, and a shot of the Apomorphia finished the job. He will live but will be very weak for a while."

He put his hand into his pocket and brought out a small glass with the top broken off, and with a few of the white crystals lying in the sides. "That is the remainder," said he.

That night the Doctor called into the store the gentlemen to whom he had shown the letters, and to whom he had introduced Mr. Wilkes. They talked over their experience with him and his attempt at suicide. They

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln occasions the retelling of many incidents connected with his life and death. Time has but deepened the contempt

in which the nation holds the slayer of the great man who is now honored in every land where liberty is loved. But it is recognized that many unfortunate circumstances combined to make John Wilkes Booth what he was and to incite him to his fiendish deed. The odium which now attaches to his name is like-



JOHN WILKES
BOOTH.

ly to go down with it into history. When he shot Mr. Lincoln he approached him through the door at the rear of the box in which the president was sitting, in the old Ford's theater, and pointed his weapon at his back. It was close to his body, and the bullet did its work only too well.

Booth was born in Hartford county, Md., in 1839 and was a son of the English tragedian, Junius Brutus Booth, and a brother of the great American actor, Edwin Booth. The latter to the day of his death felt deeply the stigma attached to the family name by his brother's ill conceived act. Wilkes Booth was also an actor. After Lincoln's assassination he broke his leg in escaping from the building, but managed to conceal himself in Virginia until the 26th of April, when upon being discovered and refusing to surrender he was shot. Doubts were expressed, however, as to whether he did. The matter of fact, meet his death at this time.

BOOTH'S TRAVELS

Evidence of His Visit to Paris Is Apparently Lacking

To the Editor of The New York Times:

May I comment on the very interesting article about John Wilkes Booth and his alleged visit to Paris three months before the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, which appeared in THE TIMES? The late Philip Hale was much interested in the problem and, being familiar with the journal of Edmond Got, he discussed the matter with me several times. The great difficulty is to reconcile the statements of Got with the known movements of Booth as they were traced at the trial of the conspirators. Several Lincoln authorities have written of the matter, and I have personally verified some of the dates below.

In the Autumn of 1864 Booth was elaborating his plans for the abduction of the President and his removal within the lines of the Confederacy. At the end of September he visited the Pennsylvania oil region and invested several thousands from his savings. In October he was in Montreal, with headquarters at the hotel much frequented by Southern sympathizers and by actors, the St. Lawrence Hall. On Oct. 27 he bought a bill of exchange on London for £61, for which he paid \$300 in gold, stating to the bank teller that he intended to run the blockade. That bill of exchange, however, was found untouched on his body upon his death, nor had the deposit been disturbed.

On Nov. 9 Booth was registered in Washington at the National Hotel, where he always stopped when in the capital. He visited Charles County, Maryland, for the avowed purpose of surveying some lands that might be purchased, and at this time he made several acquaintances of whom much was heard at the time of the trial. In the middle of that month he was in New York, and on Nov. 25 he appeared with his brothers, Edwin and Junius Brutus Booth, in "Julius Caesar," the famous performance witnessed by their mother from a stage box.

Went From Boston

Booth was back in Washington on Dec. 12; he was in New York for Christmas, and arrived again in Washington on New Year's Day. Once more he visited New York toward the end of January, 1865. On Washington's Birthday he is known to have been in the capital, on Feb. 28 in Baltimore and for the first three weeks in March again in Washington. He was announced for March 18 to appear at Ford's Theatre as Pescara for the John McCullough benefit. Early in April he was in New York, thence he came to Boston, where Edwin Booth was playing at the Boston Theatre, and from this city he traveled with one or more brief stops to Washington to play his part in the great tragedy of the assassination.

There is no interval long enough in all these months for a voyage to Paris, a stay in that city of at least several days and apparently a fortnight, and a return voyage to America.

Yet Edmond Got was a man of high character, serious and dignified. He says that Fechter, the actor, gave Booth a letter to himself, and Fechter played in London in each of the years of the Civil War. Got's journal covers the years 1840 to 1892, but no portion of it was published until 1910, nine years after the death of the distinguished actor of the Comédie Française.

What is the solution of this mystery? Mr. Hale never was able to find any other reference to the alleged visit of Booth to Paris within "three months" or any like period of April 30, 1865, which is the date of the entry in the diary. No Lincoln student, so far as I know, and I have queried many, is able to satisfy the requirements of a reasonable theory. My own researches have yielded nothing but wild tales.

F. LAURISTON BULLARD.

Boston, Mass., July 13, 1936.

THE RARE AUTOGRAPH OF
JOHN WILKES BOOTH

- 30 **BOOTH, John Wilkes.** Assassin of President Lincoln; Noted American Actor. A.L.S. 2 pp., 8vo. New York, October 18, (1864).

\$250.00

FINE EXAMPLE OF ONE OF THE RAREST AUTOGRAPHS OF THE CIVIL WAR PERIOD. Written by the fanatical young actor less than six months before he committed his dastardly murder.

"Have not heard from you of late. Nov. 23rd and 30th is the only time I have for Cleveland; I asked for Feb. 1st and 8th in Columbus. I can still give you that time I guess, but let me hear from you at once, as I must answer Nashville. If you cannot arrange that time for Columbus, I may be able to give you Feb. 29th and March 7th for Columbus, but you must answer at once by telegraph. I play tomorrow, Monday, here in Providence—the next night in Hartford."

- 31 **BOOTH, John Wilkes.** His copy of "The School for Scandal, A Comedy in Five Acts, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan." WITH AUTO. INSCRIPTION BY BOOTH ON FLYLEAF: "*John Booth*," 16mo, paper wrappers. New York, 1845.

\$75.00

A MOST INTERESTED AMERICAN DRAMATIC AND HISTORICAL ITEM, being the original prompt-book used and studied by Booth when he appeared in this famous play. Besides the signature in Booth's distinctive handwriting on the flyleaf, several lines and passages are underscored and checked by him in the text. ANYTHING AUTOGRAPHIC OF BOOTH IS EXTREMELY RARE. This little pamphlet is in fine state of preservation and is enclosed in cloth protecting case.

made in 1913

John Wilkes Booth.

George Alfred Townsend contributes an article to the April number of *The Century*, accounting for a week in the history of Wilkes Booth's flight after the assassination of President Lincoln unaccounted for in that history as hitherto related. Lincoln was shot at about 10 o'clock Friday night, April 14, 1865. Near midnight he and David E. Herold, called at Surratt's tavern about ten miles southeast of Washington. Saturday morning they were at Dr. Samuel A. Mudd's twenty miles further on, where Booth's broken ankle was set and a crutch was made for him; that evening he was at the house of Samuel Cox, a prosperous southern sympathizer, living about fifteen miles southwest. The last witness in Maryland ended here. The government took up the fugitive next at the crossing of the Rappahannock river in Virginia, on the 24 of April. What occurred to Booth in the interval, Mr. Townsend tells on the authority of one, Thomas A. Jones, a foster-brother of Samuel Cox, who always exerted a strong influence over him. Jones was of course at this time, a strong sympathizer with the southern cause, which he had aided throughout the war in his own small way. He is at present in business at North Baltimore, and keeps a coal, wood and fuel yard. Among the services which Jones rendered the confederacy was the carrying of persons and mails across the Potomac, a service involving some danger, and frequently requiring coolness and cunning. His usefulness in this direction was increased by the fact that after being arrested in 1861 and released in March, 1862, he was not regarded with any suspicion by the federal officers. He was aware of the scheme which existed late in the war period, for kidnapping President Lincoln, though it was not designed that he should take any part in it. The bateau which was to carry Lincoln across the river was kept in readiness from the time the scheme was conceived until the end of the war. Jones heard of the murder of Lincoln on Saturday afternoon, April 15. The next morning Jones was summoned to Cox's residence, the young white man who bore the message intimating mysteriously that there were very remarkable visitors at Cox's the night before. Jones responded to the summons, and being taken aside by Cox was informed that on the previous night the assassin of Lincoln had come to the house in company with another person, guided by a negro, and had asked for assistance to cross the Potomac river; "and" said Cox, "you will have to get him across." He was directed to the place where the fugitives were hidden among some short pines near by, and there he found them. As he advanced into the pines he came upon a saddled mare roving around in a little cleared space and tied her. He then gave a signal, and Herold fully armed and with a carbine in his hand came out. Herold conducted him to Booth, who was lying on the ground wrapped up in blankets, and a crutch beside him. His rumpled dress looked respectable for that country, and Jones says it was of black cloth. His face was pale at all times, and never ceased to be so during the several days that Jones saw him. He was in great pain from his broken ankle, which had suffered a fracture of one of the two bones in

the leg, down close to the foot. It would not have given him any great pain but for the exertion of his escape, which irritated it by scraping the ends of the broken bone, perhaps in the flesh. It was now highly irritated, and whichever way the man moved he expressed by a twitch or a groan, the pain he felt.

Booth was very solicitous to know what mankind thought of his crime, which he fully admitted. He was very anxious to get to Virginia, where he could have medical attendance, and he declared that he would never be taken alive. In a day or two Jones went to Port Tobacco to hear about the murder, and while there heard a detective say he would guarantee \$100,000 to the man who could tell where Booth was, but it never occurred to him for a moment that it would be a good thing for him to have the money. He comforted Booth in his concealment as he could, visiting him daily, and carrying him food. With the fugitives in their concealment were two horses on which they had rode. Within a day or two after entering the place, Booth heard a band of cavalry going along the road at no great distance and the neighing of their horses. He said to Herold, "If we can hear those horses they can hear the neighing of ours, which are uneasy from want of food and stabling." Jones subsequently said the horse ought to be put out of the way, and they were accordingly taken into a swamp and shot. No incidents broke the monotony for days, though soldiers rode hither and thither examining the marshes, but not penetrating the pines. Six days and nights, the fugitives remained in concealment, and on Friday night an opportunity presented itself for escape. The night was pitch dark, and Jones had found that the soldiers would be out of the way. He had but one little skiff in which to make the ferriage of the river. Going to Booth and Herold he said: "Now friends, this is your only chance. The night is pitch dark and my boat is close by. I will get you some supper at my house and send you off if I can. With considerable difficulty and with sighs and pain Booth was lifted on to Jones' horse and Herold was put at the bridle. Jones led the way, progress being made in silence, except as Jones occasionally gave a whistle as a signal. They stopped near Jones' house. Booth with a sudden longing, exclaimed, "Oh can't I go into the house just a moment and get a little of your warm coffee?" Tears came into Jones' eyes as he denied the request, because, as he said, there were negroes in the house who would betray them. Jones went in, ate his supper without haste, rejoined the fugitives and proceeded to where his boat was. Booth was carried to the boat and embarked with Herold. Both were heavily armed. Jones gave Booth the directions as to the course to be steered, and told him to row up Machodoc creek to the house of Mrs. Quesenberry, who would care for them if his name were used. They were together at the water side some time, and at last Booth said to Jones with emotion: "God bless you, my dear friends for all you have done for me." The last words Jones thinks Booth said were: "Good Bye, old fellow. There was a moments sound of oars on the water and the fugitives were gone. They did not succeed in crossing the river that night, but struck the residence of Col. John J. Hughes, near Nanjemoy Stores in Maryland, west of Pope's creek about

eight miles. Booth hid in the marsh near by, and Herold procured food for him at the house. On Sunday morning the ninth day after the assassination, they reached Mrs. Quesenberry's and left their boat there. They went to the house of a man named Bryan on the farm next to Mrs. Quesenberry's and Bryan took them to the summer house of Dr. Richard Stewart, two or three miles back in the country. Dr. Stewart was much annoyed at learning that the assassins of Lincoln were on his premises, and did not invite them into his house, but sent them to one of the out buildings. Booth was so chagrined that he took a lead pencil and wrote a letter to Dr. Stewart, saying he would not take hospitality extended in that way without paying for it and inclosed \$5. From Dr. Stewart's he had himself conveyed to Port Conway. He probably spent Sunday in Bryan's house, got to Stewart's house on Monday and the same day reached the Rappahannock river, and went across with Capt. Jett. This crossing was made on Monday, April 24. That afternoon he was lodged at Garrett's farm, three miles back. He spent the next day at this house, and slept in the barn. Being informed that a large body of federal cavalry had gone up the road Tuesday, he was much distressed. On Wednesday morning, soon after midnight, the cavalry returned, guided by Capt. Jett. The barn was set afire and Booth shot soon after 3 o'clock in the morning. He died a little after sunrise on Wednesday.—April 9, 1884.

An Episode in Gen. Sheridan's Career.

[From Sheridan's Memoirs.]

Although I had adopted the general rule of employing only soldiers as scouts, there was an occasional exception to it. A man named Lomas, who claimed to be a Marylander, offered me his services as a spy, and coming highly recommended from Mr. Stanton, who had made use of him in that capacity, I employed him. He made many pretensions, often appearing overanxious to impart information seemingly intended to impress me with his importance, and yet was more than ordinarily intelligent, but in spite of that my confidence in him was by no means unlimited. I often found what he reported to me as taking place within the Confederate lines corroborated by Young's men, but generally there were discrepancies in his tales which led me to suspect that he was employed by the enemy as well as by me. I felt, however, that with good watching he could do little harm, and if my suspicions were incorrect he might be very useful, so I held on to him. Early one day in February Lomas was very solicitous for me to employ a man who, he said, had been with Mosby, but on account of some quarrel in the irregular camp had abandoned that leader. Thinking that with two of them I might destroy the railroad bridge east of Lynchburg, I concluded to give him employment, at the same time informing Col. Young that I suspected their fidelity, however, and that he must test it by shadowing their every movement. When Lomas' companion entered my room he was completely disguised, but on discarding the various contrivances by which his identity was concealed he proved to be a rather slender, dark-complexioned, handsome young man, of easy address and captivating manners. He gave his name as Renfrew, answered all my questions satisfactorily, and went into details about Mosby and his men which showed an intimacy with them at some time. I explained to the two men the work I had laid out for them, and stated the sum of money I would give to have it done, but stipulated that in case of failure there would be no compensation whatever beyond the few dollars necessary for their expenses. They readily assented, and it was arranged that they should start the following night. Meanwhile Young had selected his men to shadow them, and in two days reported my spies as being concealed at Strasburg, where they remained, without making the slightest effort to continue on their mission, and were busy, no doubt, communicating with the enemy, though I was not able to fasten this on them. On the 16th of February they returned to Winchester and reported their failure, telling so many lies about their hazardous adventure as to remove all remaining doubts as to their double dealing. Unquestionably they were spies from the enemy, and hence liable to the usual penalties of such service; but it struck me that through them I might deceive Early as to the time of opening the spring campaign, I having already received from Gen. Grant an intimation of what was expected of me. I therefore retained the men without even a suggestion of my knowledge of their true character. Young meanwhile keeping a close watch over all their doings.

Toward the last of February Gen. Early had at Staunton two brigades of infantry under Wharton. All the rest of the infantry except Echol's brigade, which was in southwestern Virginia, had been sent to Petersburg during the winter, and Fitz Lee's two brigades of cavalry also. Rosser's men were mostly at their homes, where, on account of a lack of subsistence and forage in the valley, they had been permitted to go, subject to call. Lomax's cavalry was at Millboro, west of Staunton, where supplies were obtainable. It was my aim to get well on the road before Early could collect these scattered forces, and as many of the officers had been in the habit of amusing themselves fox-hunting during the latter part of the winter I decided to use the hunt as an expedient for stealing a march on the enemy, and had it given out officially that a grand fox-chase would take place on the 29th of February. Knowing that Lomas and Renfrew would spread the announcement south, they were permitted to see several red foxes that had been secured, as well as a large pack of hounds which Col. Young had collected for the sport, and were then started on a second expedition to burn the bridges. Of course, they were shadowed as usual, and two days later, after they had communicated with friends from their hiding place in Newton, they were arrested. On the way North to Fort Warren they escaped from their guards when passing through Baltimore, and I never heard of them again, though I learned that, after the assassination of Mr. Lincoln, Secretary Stanton strongly suspected his friend Lomas of being associated with the conspirators, and it then occurred to me that the good-looking Renfrew may have been Wilkes Booth, for he certainly bore a strong resemblance to Booth's picture.

Property Leased by Slayer of Lincoln Offered for Sale

Washington, Oct. 4.—(By the Associated Press)—Property where John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, kept his horse to flee from the Capitol after killing the President, will be sold by the War Department at auction on November 4th.

The lot, consisting of 600 square feet in the rear of No. 913 E. street, Northwest, and the building, originally a stable, have a tragic history.

Booth rented it in January, 1865.

Booth's stable
OBER 5, 1926.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a house which he helped his father to build.

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because of its location on the alley in the rear of Ford's Theater, where he killed President Lincoln. The leasing of the building was part of the conspiracy. Booth employed a carpenter to change the stable to embrace two stalls and provide the door with a lock. Another carpenter, having access to the theater, was hired to provide a bar for the outer door of the passage leading to the President's box.

Procuring a horse on the evening of April 14, 1865, Booth concealed it in the stable, and after shooting the President, made his escape

through the passageway, mounted the horse and fled the city only to be captured subsequently.

J. WILKES BOOTH'S CRIME.

Mr. Ford's Recollection of the Events Preceding the Tragedy.

Baltimore, May 24.—James R. Ford, brother of the late John T. Ford, who sent the theater tickets to President Lincoln on the morning of the assassination and called on Mayor Richard Wallach to quell the riot in the theater after the shot was fired, has made the following statement: About 9 o'clock on the morning of the assassination Mr. Lincoln's messenger came to the theater, as was his almost weekly custom, and asked Mr. Ford for tickets for Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln and General Grant.

At 10 o'clock Mr. Ford told a theater attache to write notices for the afternoon papers, announcing that the President and party would be at the theater that night. At 11 o'clock John Wilkes Booth, in a black coat and high silk hat, and carrying a gold-headed cane, was seen leisurely approaching the theater for his morning mail.

Harry Ford, addressing James R. Ford, remarked, "Here comes the handsomest man in Washington." Booth opened a stack of letters, many of which were from female admirers.

Harry Ford told the news of Lee's surrender to Booth. Booth replied: "He should never have given up that sword." Harry Ford began to twit him, and said that Lee, handcuffed, would be in one of the boxes that night and Lincoln and Grant in the opposite box.

James Ford said this was the first intimation Booth had that the President would be at the theater that night. Following the conversation James Ford and Booth walked out together. Mr. Ford was bound to the Treasury Department to get flags to decorate the President's box. This was the last he saw of Booth.

JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

The Full Particulars of His Arrest.

REMARKS AND Demeanor OF THE PRISONER.

[From the Philadelphia Inquirer, April 23.]

We published yesterday a statement of the arrest, in this city, of Junius Brutus Booth, a brother of the assassin of President Lincoln. We append the following particulars connected with the affair, which we know to be a true version of the story.

An order for the arrest of Booth was received by telegraph, from the authorities at Washington, and its execution was entrusted to Isaac M. Krupp, special agent of the fourth district of Philadelphia. About 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Krupp proceeded to the residence of a relative of Booth's, in the western part of the city, where he, Booth, was stopping, and after obtaining an interview with him, informed him that he had a warrant for his arrest in irons, and instructions to convey him to Washington.

Booth seemed for a moment dumbfounded at the announcement, but soon after said: "Do you know if it is in regard to that letter?" The officer not being there to answer questions, gave him no satisfaction, but informed him that although he had authority to take him in irons, he would dispense with the use of them. Booth thanked him, and in a state of considerable agitation, prepared to leave the house at once. The twain proceeded on foot to the Station-house, Thirteenth and Brandywine streets, where Booth remained for several hours. While there he employed part of his time in copying extracts from the Bible, some of which were from the forty-ninth Psalm. He appeared at times wrapped in thought, and somewhat dejected. During the evening he was conveyed in a carriage to the Baltimore depot, and left in company with Officer Krupp in the eleven o'clock train.

He had little to say during the trip, but at one time remarked that he "wished John had been killed before the assassination, for the sake of

the family name," &c. Arriving at Washington at 6½ A. M. on Wednesday, he was furnished with a good breakfast, and at 9 o'clock was taken to the War Department. During a brief examination before the Judge Advocate, Booth stated that the published accounts of the contents of the letter alluding to the oil business contained a different phrasology from what he had written, and he desired to have the whole letter published. After the interview at the War Department he was taken to the Old Capitol prison, where he was safely quartered at five minutes of 4 o'clock, having been kept at the War Department for several hours. Officer Krupp returned to this city yesterday, and sent by Adams' express a quantity of clothing, &c., to Booth, at his particular request.

Mr. Booth arrived in Philadelphia on Wednesday last, from Cincinnati, and kept his apartments closely until the time of his arrest. On arriving in the city he notified United States Marshal Millward of his presence and was visited by that official or some of his deputies, but not interfered with. Before the arrest Booth frequently spoke of the oil letter. Speaking of the name of "Alice" mentioned in it, he said he merely added a postscript in his letter to the assassin, requesting him to give his love to her, as the lady in question had frequently sent him such tokens in her correspondence. "Alice" is believed to be an actress employed in one of the theatres in Washington.

There does not appear to have been anything unusual in the manner or demeanor of Junius during his stay in this city, but he seemed at times concerned about what he calls the false construction put upon the letter in question. Immediately before his arrest he was calm and apparently unconcerned, and quietly engaged in smoking, evidently not anticipating any molestation.

We learn that the assassin was in Philadelphia about the 14th of February last, and while with his relatives here frequently gave expression to his feelings of antipathy to the Government. He left here and went to New York, where he remained a short time and then proceeded to Washington, where he stayed until the fiendish purpose he had at heart was consummated. His mother wrote to him requesting him to come North, but he wrote word back that his time was so occupied with his oil business in Washington that he could not leave. At times he expressed a strong desire to join the Southern army, but his relatives here dissuaded him from taking such a step.

THE MAN WHO SHOT LINCOLN

147 (LINCOLN). Booth, John Wilkes. Lincoln's Assassin. Autograph letter signed, one page, June 17th, 1864. \$125.00

A rare American autograph in fine condition, reading in part: "I want to see you here bad. This may be a big thing for us and it may be nothing. The last sure if we do not give it our attention. Throw things overboard and come as soon as possible. I must see you."

148 (LINCOLN). Ford, John T. Manager of the Theatre in which Lincoln was shot. Autograph letter signed, one page, undated. Inviting a Captain Crowell of Washington, and his friends, to visit the Holiday Street Theatre in Baltimore. Scarce. \$7.50

Mad Booths Subjects At Municipal Museum

AN exhibition of photographs from the collection of Stanley Preston Kimmel, author of "The Mad Booths of Maryland," will go on view Tuesday at the Municipal Museum, on North Holliday street, and will give Baltimoreans a close-up of some of the most famous figures in the history of the American theater in addition to illuminating still further the story of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

Through the exhibition it will be possible to trace the tempestuous career of the Booth family from the time the first Junius Brutus Booth projected his personality across the footlights in London to the final eclipse. No picture is available of Mary Christine Adelaide Delannoy, his first wife, who is buried in Baltimore's New Cathedral Cemetery, but there will be a charming likeness of Mary Ann Holmes Booth, his second spouse.

Census Photograph

One panel will contain a photograph of a significant excerpt from the Baltimore census of 1850 which seems to settle once and for all the moot question of the birthplace of Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., by showing that he was born in South Carolina and not in Maryland as generally has been supposed.

The only known picture extant of Dr. Joseph Adrian Booth, youngest child of Junius Brutus and brother of John Wilkes Booth, will also be on view, having been identified by Mr. Kimmel from a picture in the archives of the War Department, where, since the Civil War, it had been erroneously regarded as a picture of David E. Herold, the man who guided John Wilkes Booth out of Washington on the night Lincoln was assassinated.

Like a Salvation Army lassie was Rosalie, eldest daughter of Junius Brutus Booth, revealed in a photostat of a drawing used to illustrate an article on the Booth family which Mr. Kimmel uncovered in an old scrapbook at the Municipal Museum while he was digging for treasure on the Booth family several years ago in Baltimore.

Other Reproductions

Pictures which the War Department has preserved of Edwin and Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., will recall the

feverish excitement which followed the assassination of President Lincoln and the story of the latter's trip to Washington from Philadelphia, reading the Bible all the way. Both Mary Devlin and "Mad Mary McVicker," the first and second wife of Edwin Booth, will suggest the influence exerted by these two women on one of the greatest Shakespearean actors the world has known. Pictures of the Richmond theater in which Mary Devlin was playing at the time she and Edwin Booth met, and of the hotel where John Wilkes Booth lived while he was an obscure member of a stock company (playing under the name of John Wilkes because he felt himself unworthy to use the great name which was his by right of birth) will italicize this phase of their hectic careers.

Mad Mary McVicker

"Mad Mary McVicker" is shown in the feminine mufti of the early eighties, and it is possible that those who know the story of her tragedy will be able to read into the photograph the reasons why Edwin Booth had to nurse her through twelve years of unhappiness.

Other photographs in the exhibition will recall the little-known story of Edwin Booth's early days in California. One will show the set on the stage at Ford's Theater in Washington on the night that President Lincoln was assassinated, and a War Department photograph will depict John Wilkes Booth and three unidentified companions during the Civil War. A photostatic copy of one of John Wilkes Booth's letters to John T. Ford, manager of the theater where Lincoln was shot, and one of the diary found on his person while he was dying at the Garrett farm in Virginia, will add to the vividness of a story which never grows old.

Pictures In Pocket

Some of the pictures found in the assassin's pockets after his arrest also will be shown. Of the five, four easily were identified as those of well-known actresses of the day. The fifth eluded identification until Mr. Kimmel, after intensive research, succeeded in verifying it as the portrait of Bessie Hale, daughter of a United States Senator, to whom John Wilkes Booth was engaged to be married. Publication of his book was the first real knowledge the world has had of the mysterious and lovely girl whose pledge was broken by the crime which generally is regarded as the greatest in the history of the United States.



John Wilkes Booth. From a picture preserved in the files of the War Department, which will be included in the exhibition opening Tuesday at the Municipal Museum

Mr. Kimmel, who spent several laborious years collecting the pictures and data which are represented by "The Mad Booths of Maryland" and the coming exhibition, is a native of southern Illinois, with extensive Maryland connections. In a comparatively short life he has been a poet, a playwright, a newspaper man, an editor, a soldier of fortune and a world traveler.

BUTLER WOMAN WHO COOKED DINNER FOR JOHN WILKES BOOTH DIES AT 88 YEARS

Mrs. Lettie Dade, aged 88, wife of Rev. D. B. Dade, retired pastor of the Shiloh Baptist church, who cooked dinner for John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Abraham Lincoln, as he was fleeing from Washington, died at the family residence, 114 Madison avenue, at 1:30 o'clock Saturday afternoon following a short illness.

Mrs. Dade, then a servant in the home of Dr. Mudd, was aroused when the injured Booth appeared at the home of Dr. Mudd to secure medical attention.

Unaware that he was the man who had shot Lincoln, Dr. Mudd treated Booth and ordered dinner for him in a gesture of southern hospitality.

Mrs. Dade was sent for a chicken which she killed and cooked for Booth. He left after the dinner despite the protests of Dr. Mudd, who was afterwards imprisoned for aiding and abetting a criminal.

Mrs. Dade had resided in Butler for the past 14 years, coming to this city from Alexandria, Va.

Surviving are her husband, Rev. D. B. Dade; two children, Mrs. Stella Buckner of Flushing, N. Y., and Walter Standard of Washington, D. C., and eight grandchildren.

Funeral services were held from the Shiloh Baptist church of which

she was a member, at 2 o'clock this afternoon with Rev. Cobbs officiating. Burial was made in the Rose Hill cemetery.



LINCOLN LORE

No. 160

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May 2, 1932

LINCOLN LORE

BULLETIN OF
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HISTORICAL
RESEARCH
FOUNDATION



ENDOWED BY
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NATIONAL LIFE
INSURANCE
COMPANY

Dr. Louis A. Warren - - - Editor

IDENTIFICATION OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH

There are many questions still in dispute about the assassination of Abraham Lincoln but no one to our knowledge has ever suggested that John Wilkes Booth was not the assassin.

On the other hand, no tradition associated with the assassination has received so much support from Lincoln students, and men of note, as the rumor that Booth was never captured. It is said he died in Oklahoma in 1903 bearing the name of David E. George, alias John St. Helen.

One who will go to the trouble to review the press reports of the capture and the testimonies leading to absolute identification of the man shot in Garrett's stable will have no doubt as to whose body is buried in the Booth family lot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, Maryland.

Initials on Hand

On April 29, 1865, the day after Booth was shot, the New York Herald carried this dispatch, "The identification of the body of Booth, the murderer, was rendered complete today by his initials 'J. W. B.' tattooed in India ink upon his wrist."

Charles Dawson, clerk at the National Hotel where Booth often stopped, was present at the autopsy on board the gunboat where Booth's body was being held. He swore that on many occasions when Booth had signed the hotel register that he had observed the initials "J. W. B." on his right hand.

The Mark of the Scalpel

Dr. J. Frederick May, who was called to identify Booth, said before seeing the body that there would be a scar upon the muscle of the left side of his neck three inches below the ear, caused by the removal of a tumor. The scar was found as described by Dr. May and he identified it as the result of a scalpel he had used in performing the operation.

Two Gold Fillings

A well-known Washington dentist, Dr. Merrill, had filled two of Booth's teeth just a few days before the assassination of President Lincoln. Dr. Merrill remembered his work for Booth and he was called to identify the work he had done for the actor. The fillings were fully identified by the dentist.

The Broken Leg

It is well-known that when Booth jumped to the stage after his mur-

derous assault one of the bones in his right leg was fractured. When the autopsy was made by General Barnes on the body of the man supposed to be Booth it was discovered that the "lower right limb was greatly contused, and perfectly black from a fracture of one of the long bones of the leg."

General Appearance

At least nine people who had known Booth were asked to view the body before it was interred so that those in charge of the autopsy felt that the identification of the body had been complete and others who might have assisted in the identification were not needed.

The Bounty Paid

The United States Government was satisfied with the identification of John Wilkes Booth and a committee of claims from the House of Representatives made the report on July 26, 1866, and two days later an appropriation was made to pay the rewards offered for the capture of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. E. J. Conger, detective, received \$15,000, and the remainder of the \$75,000 was divided between 32 other men. Thirty thousand dollars additional was paid to the captors of Atzerodt and Payne.

Burial in Family Lot

On April 28, Edwin Booth, brother of John Wilkes Booth, arrived in Washington and asked for the body of his brother, but the press dispatches stated that "The request will not be granted." No member of the Booth family questioned the fact that the body held was that of the assassin. The body was not turned over to the family at this time.

About three years later, however, Edwin Booth wrote to President Johnson requesting the body, and it was delivered to him as the series of exhibits which follow will reveal. That the family was satisfied with the identification of the body at this time is evident.

(Exhibit 1) New York
February 10, 1869

Andrew Johnson, Esq.,
President of the United States.

Dear Sir: May I not now ask your kind consideration of my poor mother's request in relation to her son's remains?

The bearer of this—Mr. John Weaver—is Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, who will observe the strictest secrecy in this matter—and you may rest assured that none of my family desire its publicity.

Unable to visit Washington, I have deputed Mr. Weaver, in whom I have the fullest confidence, and I beg that you will not delay in ordering the body to be given to his care.

He will retain it—placing it in his vault—until such time as we can remove other members of our family to the Baltimore Cemetery and thus prevent any special notice of it.

There is also—I am told—a trunk of his at the National Hotel which I once applied for but was refused—it being under seal of the War Department; it may contain relics of the poor misguided boy—which would be dear to his sorrowing Mother and of no use to anyone. Your Excellency would greatly lessen a crushing weight of grief that is hurrying my Mother to the grave by giving immediate orders for the safe delivery of the remains of John Wilkes Booth to Mr. Weaver and gain the lasting gratitude of

Yr. Obt. Servt.,

(Signed) Edwin Booth.

(Exhibit 2)

Brevet Maj. Gen. George D. Ramsey,
Commanding Washington Arsenal.

Sir: The President directs that the body of John Wilkes Booth, interred at the Washington Arsenal, be delivered to Mr. John Weaver, Sexton of Christ Church, Baltimore, Md., for the purpose of having it removed and properly interred. Please report the execution of this order.

I am, &c.,

E. D. T.,
A. A. G.

(Exhibit 3)

Maj. Gen. E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant General,
U. S. Army
Washington, D. C.

Sir: I have the honor to report that the body of John Wilkes Booth was on Monday afternoon, the 15th inst. delivered to the person designated in the order of the President of the United States of the same date. I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

Your Obt. Servant,

Brevt. Major General,
U. S. Army, Commanding.

(Exhibit 4)

"In volume 25 of the Greenmount Cemetery records, Baltimore, may be found the original permit, numbered 16821 and dated February 18, 1869, issued to J. H. Weaver, undertaker, to inter in lots 9 and 10, Dogwood, the body of J. W. Booth."

Exit Booth!

On April 27 a lengthy editorial in the Albany (New York) Herald ended with this significant paragraph, which might well be used as the conclusion of this monograph.

"Exit Booth! With the world for a stage and ages as spectators, chosen to enact a damnable deed, and approving his fitness for the horrid mission, the actor has performed his part. The fantastic mockery of heroism; the false glitter of a theatric combination; brandished dagger, sharpened for the heart of him who bore it,—have all figured in the dreadful scenes. The tragedy which began with a blow at the pillars of a Republic, closed with a funeral tableau in a burning barn. Let the curtain fall!"

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"LINCOLNLOOK" MEMORIES

★ Paper No. 17 ★

By William Springer

Author's Note: This year marks the one-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth. Many sesquicentennial celebrations are in the making throughout the land honoring this "Prince of the Rails." So that we may appropriately pay homage to this "Uncamman Cammoner," I am reprinting my selected editorial writings and miscellaneous Lincoln papers from my "Lincolnook," recalling the memories that took me down the Lincoln Trail during the past thirty-two years as student and collector of Lincolniana.

PAGE SEVEN

NEW CENTER NEWS — DETROIT

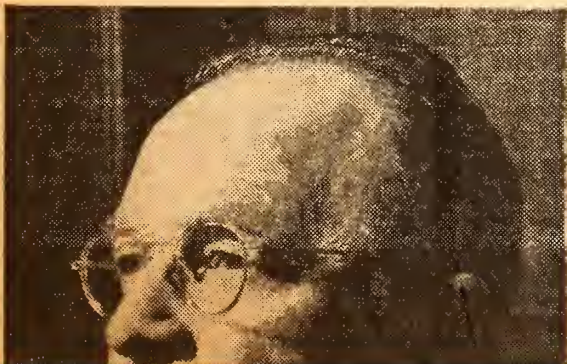
MAY 25, 1959

Henry Ford and the Corpse of J. Wilkes Booth

FOREWORD

Wednesday, April 14, 1953 will be long remembered by members of the Abraham Lincoln Civil War Round Table of Michigan. I was serving my second term as president, and knew that if I could persuade Fred L. Black to narrate his experience with the late Henry Ford and his interests that motivated him giving Mr. Black an assignment in pursuit of the J. Wilkes Booth escape myth and his mummified corpse, curiosity aroused would be sufficient to draw a large attendance.

Well, Mr. Black accepted to appear, and the Logan County-Lincoln Court House was filled to capacity with members and the Greenfield Village officials, who were not familiar nor had ever heard the story told first-hand.



might be something to it. Mr. Ford said, "Find this man Bates, if you can, and let's talk to him." Thirteen years had elapsed since the book had been published. Its printer had a Chicago address. I located him and found that Bates, the last he heard, was living in Memphis, Tennessee. I found that Bates was still there and would be willing to come to Dearborn if his expenses were advanced. This was done, and a few days later, he arrived. He claimed to have voluminous files of documents and letters in a safety deposit vault in Memphis and even better, he had the mummified body of "John Wilkes Booth," stored away in his garage.

OFFERS CORPSE TO FORD

There would not be any trouble in clearing the weak spots in his book, Bates claimed, for since the book's publication, he said he had received much additional proof—but he had a loan on his house for \$8,000 and \$1,000 of it was due. Would Mr. Ford advance him the \$1,000 and take Booth's body as security. (I understood several years later that Bates had sold the body for \$1,000.) I explained we couldn't advance the money, at least not until we had examined the proofs. After a conference of several days during which I discussed with Mr. Bates the many questionable points in his book, I started out on a strange year of research and investigation which took me to Washington, D.C., Maryland, Virginia, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and Tennessee.

When Dr. Mudd was called to Washington, he had visions of receiving the heartfelt thanks of the government and a share of the reward money. Instead, because of the taut emotions of the nation, he was court-martialed and not allowed to testify in his own defense.

EXHUME BOOTH'S BODY

Dr. Mudd's grandson is today engaged in trying to persuade Maryland authorities to disinter Booth's body to discover which leg was actually broken in his jump from Lincoln's box. He hopes he may be able to prove his grandfather's innocence. Dr. Mudd's conviction is almost universally considered by Lincoln experts to have been a miscarriage of justice in the light of facts uncovered after the trial.

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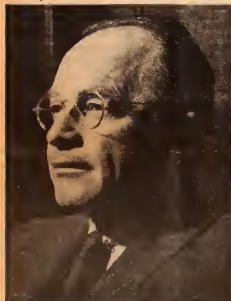
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As I remember, Mr. Ford received two copies of the book. He took one home with him and must have read it, for a few days later he asked me what I knew about Lincoln's assassination and what became of John Wilkes Booth. I said I knew only the bare facts as reported in most histories. He asked me to read the book and said he would talk it over with me the next day. I read the book twice that night. The second time over I made marginal notes. I told Mr. Ford the next morning that if the author had the proof he claimed, there

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COMMENTARY BY WILLIAM D. TOOHEY

The age-old controversy of what happened to Abraham Lincoln's assassin was again stirred up last night in the dim kerosene light of Logan County Courthouse, now in Greenfield Village, where the "Great Emancipator" once practiced law for eight years.

Members of the Abraham Lincoln Civil War Round Table of Michigan heard Fred L. Black, formerly in charge of Ford Motor Company Public Relations, relay the two-year long journey he took through six states and the nation's capital "chasing John Wilkes Booth 65 years after his death." Black is now Director of Public Relations at the American Motors Corporation.

At the speaker's table with Black and William Springer, Round Table President, was Dr. Richard D. Mudd of Saginaw, grandson of the doctor who set Booth's leg, himself a noted Lincoln scholar. According to Dr. Mudd, his grandfather knew the man whose leg he set when he set the leg on assassination only as "Tyler." Subsequently he was accused of complicity and spent several years in jail.

When news of the assassination reached Dr. Mudd's grandfather, he began to suspect that the man he had worked on was Booth and reported it to the town constable. By the time the constable reached the S. S. Harrison, the trail had grown cold and Booth was suspected of being in Baltimore.

Nearly a week after the assassination, authorities arrived at the Samuel A. Mudd home and Dr. Mudd related the incident, putting the book he had removed from Booth from under a couch. The statements he made at that time were later used as evidence at his court-martial.

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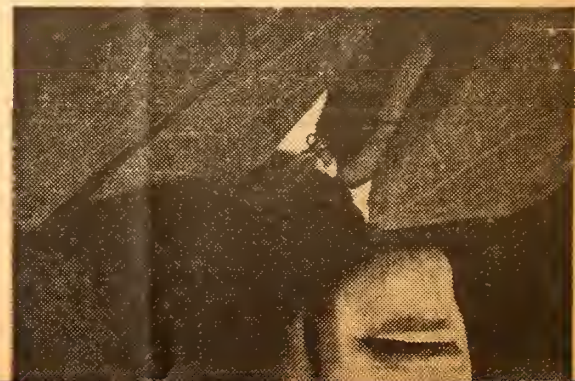
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(Turn to next page.)

John Wilkes Booth
[Cover]

PRAYER 13A

Assassination

Corpse of J. Wilkes Booth

(Continued from page 7.)

of dubious origin, and a host of conflicting reports by acquaintances of the Booth pretender.

The "authentic documents" Bates had turned out to be letters from people who had read his book and were sympathetic to his persuasion, and clips of newspaper stories based on his own counterfeited researches. Woven into the fabric were a saloon keeper, a house painter and a minister, all claimants to the dubious distinction of being Lincoln's assassin.

One of the avenues of research led him to an undertaker in Leadville, Colorado, who had buried a man claiming to be Booth. Black showed him a daguerreotype and a photograph of the claimant. At first he showed no sign of recognition. Black pressed him for an answer and he finally admitted he had seen the face, "Buried hundred of 'em," he admitted.

Criminology and detection in Lincoln's day bore little relation to the exact science it is today.



THE REAL ASSASSIN, J. Wilkes Booth, uttermost idol as he opposed of the prime of his acting career.

and there was room for doubt that Booth's body had been positively identified. Even so, Black said, so few of the facts he uncovered in his "case of the several Booths" actually tallied with the most logical explanation of Booth's death, that it left no doubt but what the body Bates had was a spurious corpse.

He proved to his own satisfaction and Henry Ford's that the official story was the best introduced up to that time. The glamour and excitement of an arch criminal's escape will most certainly be responsible for new John Wilkes Booth stories breaking into print, Black pointed out.

A DAY TO REMEMBER

Memorial Day, Monday, May 30, 1955 is recorded in my book as a day filled with singular significance. Traditionally, this is a day set aside to honor the memory of our war heroes who have sacrificed upon the altar of freedom, the flower of their youth, so that we may enjoy the abundance of prosperity and independence. It is also a day of family gatherings, picnics, excursions, and slaughter on the highway.

It was a typical spring day with not a cloud in the sky as I hastened to answer the phone, shortly after I had unfurled Old Glory in memory of my buddies who have gone ahead. As I lifted the receiver, a soft spoken voice greeted me, "Good morning, Bill, this is Fred L. Black. If you are not too preoccupied," he continued, "would you come over, I'd like to talk to you about my Lincoln Assassination Papers." After a brief conversation, I was on my way to the Black residence on Old Orchard Trail, approximately two miles, as the crow flies, from my abode on Wing Lake in suburban Birmingham.

The dwelling graces two bodies of water, fronting Orchard Lake, and from its hilltop vantage point, overlooking the Upper Straits Lake to the west. As I approached the estate, Fred, accompanied by his German Shepherd, greeted me in a friendly manner, and after a casual chat, we entered his architecturally unusual contemporary home, customized and designed to sprawl appealingly over several levels for gracious living.

Seeing us come in, Mrs. Black greeted me, and we talked about everyday events for a while before Fred and I secluded ourselves in the sanctuary housing his Lincoln Assassination Papers. He recalled that on a previous occasion I had indicated a desire for augmenting my already nationally known "Lincolnook" with his collection, pointing out that papers in his possession were not only those he had acquired while chasing J. Wilkes Booth, at the request of Mr. Ford in 1920 and 1921, but also an accumulation of additional material collected over a period of years, after Mr. Ford had lost interest in the Bates-Booth myth.

Long before Fred finished showing me his collection I was drooping all over the place, and detecting my anxiety, he spoke of retirement from American history within the year, and in view of this had decided to dispose of his entire collection, because he and Ruth were planning to liquidate everything and settle modestly in the land of Ponce de Leon's sunny fountains of youth—Florida.

"Having devoted so much of my time and life to this phase of the Lincoln story and knowing that as surely as night follows day, the Booth assassination escape myth will continue to exist with each generation, I would like to turn over to your 'Lincolnook' all of these books and papers for preservation, with all of the legal rights therein, including all my correspondence, affidavits, photostatic copies, and the two-volume manuscript with illustrations that have never been published," suggested Mr. Black, smiling broadly, his eyes beaming with assuring satisfaction and carefree contentment.

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

The manuscript consists of twenty-two chapters with voluminous references, including the first seven chapters which appeared in Henry Ford's uncopyrighted Dearborn Independent. When asked why the Independent was not copyrighted, Fred replied that Mr. Ford never copyrighted any author's material due to his prominence and consequent fear of lawsuits—all rights therefore reverted to the authors contributing feature articles. Mr. Black explained that he had revised the first seven chapters since their appearance in the Independent, and the reason the two-volume work had not been published is because of the prohibitive cost—though several prominent publishing houses had urged him to condense his manuscript into one volume for what they called a ready market.

With the approaching centennials of the Lincoln election year, the civil war, and the assassination in 1865, undoubtedly, the assassination escape myth will, and has, become prominent, and with the Fred L. Black Papers containing a most comprehensive file of literary research ever assembled, I am in a position to knock these myths to kingdom come, especially since it is my good fortune to have all the basic source material at my disposal.

Among many curiosities which Mr. Black, the researcher succeeded in unearthing, and which held a bootman spellbound hour after hour, is a letter from Robert Todd Lincoln to Mr. Black, admitting that Edwin Booth, the assassin's brother, saved his life, while Robert was in New York City on a leave of absence from Harvard. It seems that Robert walked into the path of either a train or horse-drawn streetcar, and Edwin seeing that Robert was in a tragic pull, pulled him back to time, and thus saved his life. I have preserved the letter from Robert Todd Lincoln to Fred L. Black, dated May 11, 1925 [written shortly before his death].

ROBERT THANKS BOOTH

"... I must ask you to excuse me from making any statement for publication in connection with a matter which transpired so long ago in regard to which I gave Mr. Booth my personal thanks at the time."

This I believe is the first and only written admission by Robert Todd Lincoln inferring that Edwin Booth saved his life, while his brother, J. Wilkes Booth, had slain the life.

I've quoted Robert's letter as an example of Fred's thoroughness in the field of research. There are hundreds upon hundreds of letters and photostatic documents that can be developed into a monumental book, and the best I can do in the space allotted for this purpose is to show the vastness of Fred's research, is by listing some of the titles taken from my files.

The End of the Rebellion; Gen. Ulysses S. Grant; Hatred Toward Lincoln; Lincoln's Carelessness; Lincoln's Premonition of Death; Abduction Plot; Conspiracy; Ford's Theater Play 90; How Lincoln Met Death; April 14, 1865; Flight; Pursuit;

Garrett Barn; Capture; Identification; Autopsy and Burial; Fate of the Conspirators; Boston Corbett; Samuel A. Mudd; John Suratt; John Y. Beall; J. Wilkes Booth; Edwin Booth; Booth Relatives; Mad Booth; Impactment of President Andrew Johnson; Gospel Spread; John St. Helen as J. Wilkes Booth; David E. George as J. Wilkes Booth; Multiplicity of Booths claims; and the Murder of J. Wilkes Booth; Bates' Scrap Books; Fred L. Black's Field Note Books; Illustrations; Papers; and copies of the Dearborn Independent.

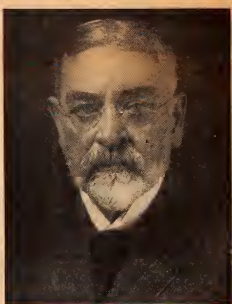
I consider myself extremely fortunate and honored that Mr. Black has seen fit to select my "Lincolnook" as a repository for his papers, and while he has agreed to classify them in any way I deem best, omitting credit references to his name, nonetheless, the Fred L. Black Papers are labelled as such and will forever be preserved and fully credited to the original researcher.

TOP LEADERS PAY TRIBUTE

Very few men in Detroit have endeavored themselves to 400 of the top business and professional leaders from all walks of life, but Fred L. Black qualifies for that singular honor.

Upon his retirement from American Motors Corporation, a dinner honoring him was arranged by a group of friends known as the Fred L. Black Associates, and on Wednesday, October 3, 1956, more than 400 captains of industry, and Detroit's top executives gathered for the occasion in the Grand Ballroom of the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel and dramatically re-nacted his life from the time he joined Henry Ford to the time he left.

Congratulatory telegrams in Fred's tribute poured in from New York to San Francisco, from Miami to Seattle, as well as from dignitaries abroad. Among those unable to attend the banquet in honor of this great man, was George W. Romney, and Henry Ford, II, both of whom were abroad at the time. Their telegrams were among those read, and Mr. Romney's voice, recorded on tape before his departure for Europe, was heard in a special praise of Mr. Black. In addition to those already named and served on the committee were Warren S. Booth, L. L. Colbert and



ROBERT TODD LINCOLN, whose life was saved by Edwin Booth, the older brother of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. This picture was taken in the early twenties, and his death several years later brought to an end the last direct descendant of the great President.

Roger Kyes. Adding a bit of continental flavor with his presence was Prince Louis Ferdinand of Germany, a warm friend of the Blacks.

Known among his friends as the "elder statesman," Fred surprised everyone with the announcement that instead of retiring anywhere, he is joining the faculty of the University of Michigan, to assume duties as Professor of Business Administration and as liaison between industry and the College of Engineers.

As a personal friend of Mr. Black for nearly two decades, I joined with the host of other guests to wish him a long and successful career in his new post, and to honor him for his many outstanding achievements and contributions to our American way of life.

And now dear reader, I conclude this monograph on Henry Ford and the Corpse of J. Wilkes Booth, remembering that I received an invitation from Mr. Black the other day, to join him at a luncheon in Ann Arbor. Let's I hastily conclude, I may run out of space and miss it.

(FIRST PRINTING.)

John Wilkes Booth
[Emerson]

DRAWER 13A

Assassination

